

The SENSIBLE MAN'S VIEW of RELIGION

*The SENSIBLE MAN'S
VIEW of RELIGION*

by

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

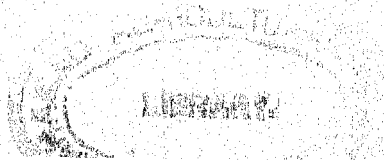
With an Introduction by

STEPHEN S. WISE



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The Sensible Man's View of Religion

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Introduction

SERMON collections are usually unvital for obvious reasons, which, in a companion volume of this series, Harry Emerson Fosdick has, by way of preface, set down, namely, the absence alike of the personality of the preacher and, equally meaningful, the absence of the personality of the audience. This factor might be expected to operate more tellingly in the case of John Haynes Holmes even than usual, because every word he speaks is charged, when not surcharged, with the dynamic of an uniquely vivid and vibrant personality. And, indeed, one would expect that, lacking the perfect rapport that obtains between two complementary personalities, those of this preacher and his congregation, these pages would be wanting in that glow and life and ethical passion which infuse the spoken word of Holmes. Somehow, the miracle of the preacher is renewed in these pages, for they live and gleam and burn.

A Sensible Man's View of Religion is the title of this collection of addresses. I have heard many things said of Mr. Holmes, but never once that the author is "sensible," whatever that may mean. Sensitive, understanding, genuine, resistlessly persuasive at his best, utterly compelling as none other in the American pulpit, we have in these sermons and addresses something priceless, a fragment of an incomparably rich and significant personality.

John Haynes Holmes does many things well, identified as he is with many great causes. But he does nothing so well as he preaches. Here he is at his best, a torch bringing light

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as do few men in any generation, a kindling flame to multitudes who gladly sit at the feet of this prophet and feel themselves blessed.

One is not quite certain as one reads these sermons—unless one happen to know the preacher, as does the writer of this prefatory note—whether the author is threading his own way to the goal of sure faith through the maze of honest doubts and incertitudes, or whether, as seems likelier, out of the fullness of the fine understanding and generous sympathies of his nature he is seeking to interpret men affirmatively to themselves. Perhaps it is not unfair to put it—the intellectual doubts and the spiritual difficulties of his time have gripped the soul of this truth-seeker, which is here laid bare. His unique qualification for the task of interpreting his generation to itself lies in the patent truth that Holmes is the most religious of the humanists and the most humanistic of the religionists. Here is a credo of ethical “imperativism”—if quotation marks must be—a profoundly spiritual preacher, sharing at times it may be, and always comprehending, the dubieties of his generation.

If it be true, as was said by one of the great religious teachers of the last century, that a sermon should read like a personal letter of one friend to another on a subject of nearest interest to both, then this is truly great preaching. For the preacher or writer pours out his soul with simple, almost terrible directness, freely, fully, passionately, unreservedly, as becomes a friend communing with a friend.

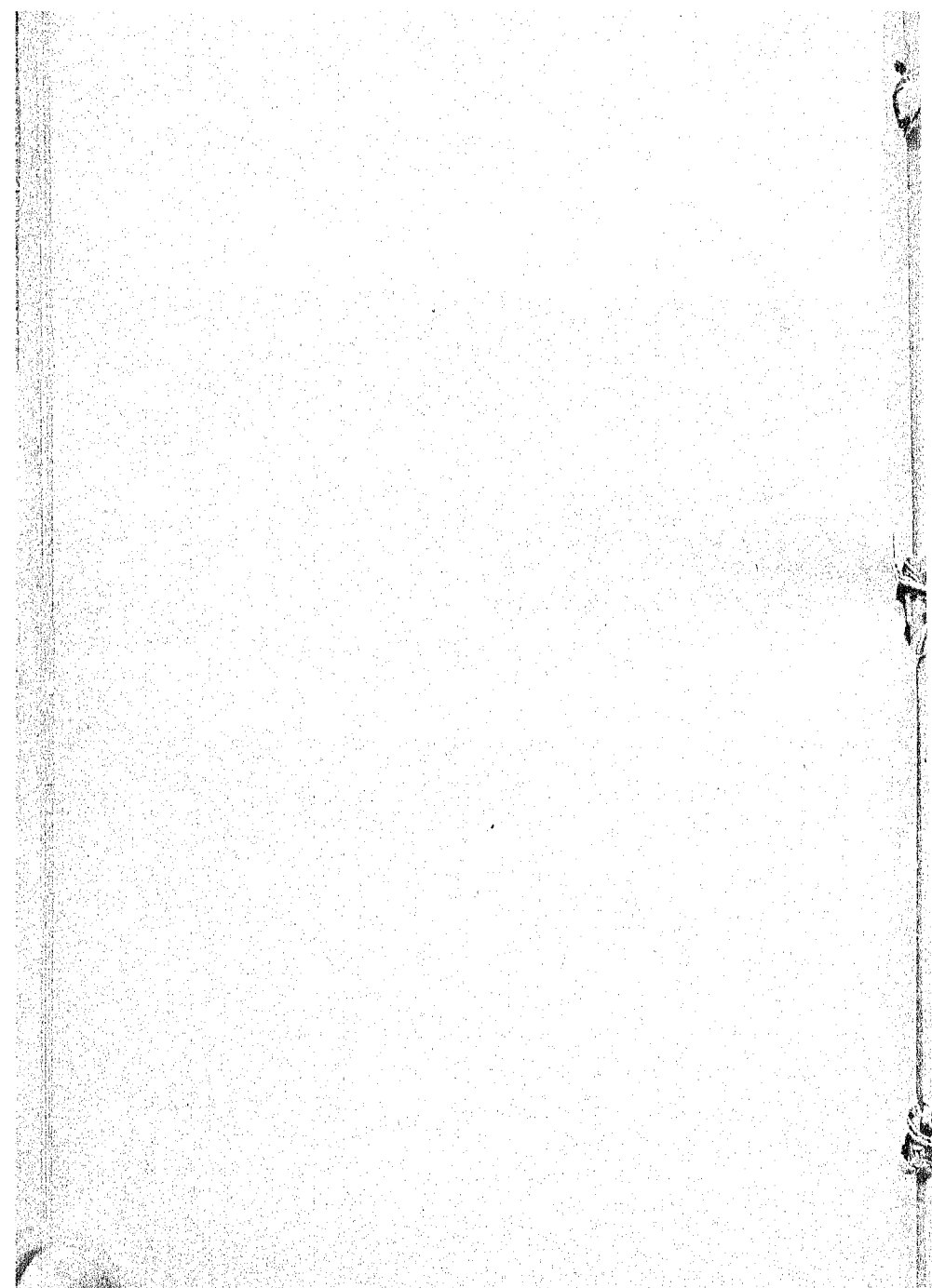
Is the Influence of the Preacher Waning? Yes! Why? Because preachers do not speak to men as living men. Men in the pulpit may vainly covet the high eloquence, the kindling power, the allusive richness, the easy command of the best that has been said in the world, and the copious imaginativeness of this preacher. But they need not covet in vain his terrible earnestness, his entire sincerity, his sureness in truth-speaking. The least among us, his brothers in the pulpit, may, in the reading of this volume, catch and

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hold a glimpse of this radiant light. Preaching has been defined as "truth uttered through a personality." This is such preaching—truth, simple, candid, sincere, uttered through the radiant personality of this minister of religion.

STEPHEN S. WISE

Free Synagogue
New York, N. Y.



The SENSIBLE MAN'S VIEW of RELIGION

I

THE SENSIBLE MAN'S VIEW OF RELIGION

I WANT to speak to you about the meaning and significance of religion. I choose to present what I have to say from the standpoint of "the sensible man," by which I mean the man who is not a fanatic either in his acceptance of religion as a revelation, or in his rejection of it as a superstition. The sensible man is first of all too intelligent to develop a mania either for or against religion. He has a native capacity for understanding life in all of its infinite variety. "Nothing that is human is alien to him." He is interested in anything that seems to interest man himself, and wants to approach it with sympathy and appreciation. This means that the sensible man is open-minded, tolerant, unprejudiced—toward religion, as toward everything else! Furthermore, if he be sensible, he has usually had an education, or a personal training, which enables him to be as familiar with the outward facts of man's experience upon this planet as with his own inward feelings as a separate individual, and to have a good deal more concern for the former than he does for the latter. The sensible man, in other words, is a realist, and judges things from the standpoint of their merits and not from the standpoint of his own beliefs and fancies. He approaches things in the spirit of curiosity, of friendly inquiry, of sympathetic intelligence. As Dr. Bradby has put it, in his little book entitled, *Christianity and Common Sense*, the sensible man is the man who uses "that kind of reasoning by which ordinary men and women, without much expert knowledge, conduct the affairs of daily life successfully; a reasoning

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which faces all the *pros* and *cons* fearlessly, and tries to form the conclusions on which it acts, without allowing itself to be swayed by undue optimism or unnecessary pessimism. . . . Such reasoning," continues Dr. Bradby, "is no adequate substitute for spiritual experience." But it "leads to certain definite conclusions which help us to understand," and perhaps to accept, what John Fiske has so significantly called "the everlasting reality of religion."

Now it is these "definite conclusions" about religion, the fruit of the knowledge and reasoning of the sensible man, which I propose to present. What does the sensible man think when, devoid of all bias or prejudice, he faces the tremendous fact of religion? What does he see, or seem to see, when he looks upon the religious consciousness of man? Does he see a myth or a reality, a fact or a fancy, a phenomenon to be regarded with respect or an illusion to be dismissed with contempt? The answers to these questions, it seems to me, are simple, and may be stated in due order without argument or elaboration.

(1) The first thing that the sensible man discovers about religion is that it is as old as history. Whether religion is older than history, began with man at the very start of his conscious existence as a human being, we cannot say. We simply know that when man emerges from the dim vistas of the ancient past he is a worshiping animal. It is equally uncertain how religion began. Some historians contend that it had its origin in man's fear of the overwhelming forces of the universe and his desperate desire for protection. Others argue, with Max Muller, that religion sprang in the beginning from man's awe and wonder at the beauty of the heavenly bodies. Still others are at one with Herbert Spencer in his conviction that religion started from man's reaction upon the dread mystery of death. But with disputes of this kind the sensible man is not concerned. He is no scholar, and therefore is quite incompetent to judge between the contending merits of such doctrines. What interests him is the

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fact that, so far as history can tell us, religion began with man as an essential part of the process of human behavior in this world, and has remained with man, in one form or another, until this day. In this fact the sensible man finds an enormous significance. It seems to him to have something to do with what the historians call "survival value." If religion has survived, in other words, through all these centuries, must it not be because it has contributed to man's own survival as a denizen of earth?

(2) The second thing that the sensible man notices is the fact that religion is not only as old as history but as wide as humanity. It is a universal as well as an eternal phenomenon. Its pervasiveness in man's life, in other words, is a matter of space as well as of time. It is true, to be sure, that there have been primitive tribes in whose lives have been found no traces of religion. There have also been tribes which have been reported to have no morals. More careful investigation, however, in both of these cases, has revealed the fact that when investigators have reported no morality, or no religion, they have simply meant no morality or religion that you and I would recognize as such. These primitive peoples are not moral or religious in our sense of the word! But that *they* have a morality which they regard as commanding, and a religion which *they* accept as sacred, this is as certain as it is that they breathe and eat and breed like other men. No tribe is so low in the scale of human development, no people so remote from contact with their fellows, that they do not have some kind of spiritual reaction upon the universe. They may have no gods, no bibles, no churches. They may not pray, nor worship, nor give sacrifice. But they have religion. For religion is fundamentally psychological and not theological, and it is tested by inward attitude rather than by outward performance. Religion, therefore, is universal. As it appears in every age, so it appears in every place. And this impresses the sensible man enormously! For common sense would seem to indicate that a phenomenon which

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is a constant quantity in man's life, must be a necessary constituent of that life. Or if not a necessary, then at least a helpful, constituent! In any case, it is the feeling of the sensible man that a phenomenon which is as old as time and as pervasive as space cannot be explained as an accident, or a superstition, least of all a conspiracy, but on the contrary must have in its essence some relation with the very substance of reality.

(3) This brings us to the third thing which is noticed by the sensible man. He sees that religion, since it appears everywhere in human life, is a natural part of the experience of mankind upon this planet. In the old days—and still very largely in our own!—it was a heresy to think of religion as in any way natural or normal. In the very nature of the case, it must be supernatural and abnormal—something remote, mysterious, unearthly—an emanation from God and therefore a reality apart from man. But now all this is changed. The supernatural has faded away into the natural. We know today, if we be sensible, that religion is coincident with human life and, therefore, a part of human experience. It is not something let down out of heaven by the hand of God, or of his angels. It is not a miraculous gift, or revelation, or inspiration. It is nothing that exists apart by itself, and then comes in, like light into darkness, or a breath of wind into a stuffy room. So far from being given to man as a divine bestowal from without, religion is rather developed by man as a human possession from within. It is what man discovers within himself, or about himself, like gold in a river-bed, as he joins his perfectly natural contacts with the cosmos in which he dwells. It is what grows out of man, like a blossom out of a plant, as slowly through the ages he adapts himself to the environment of his existence. Religion is the highest product of man's life, the richest deposit of his experience, the noblest creation of his genius. Religion, that is to say, belongs to man—it is his

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dream, his vision, his achievement. If there are bibles, he has written them; if there are churches, he has reared them; if there are saviors, he has bred them; if there are gods, he has discovered them. This is the judgment of the sensible man. Neither too high nor too low, neither divine nor diabolic, religion is simply man fulfilling the soul within his flesh.

(4) From this discovery of religion as a phase of man's experience in life, there follows a fourth idea which is apparent to the sensible man, if he be really sensible. I refer to the fact that religion, as it appears and develops, in this place or in that, is everywhere about the same. There are, of course, different religions in different places. "Some religions," says Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, a great authority on this question, "some religions are polytheistic . . . some monotheistic . . . some atheistic. Not only are there primitive religions that have not developed a god-conception, but there are advanced religions that have abandoned it." There are other differences of creed and rite and ceremonial. But if these various religions be traced in the order of their development, if they be compared with one another after the great example of the science of comparative religion, it will be found that they all spring from the same origins, they all follow the same line of progress, they all contain the same elements of ethical and spiritual idealism. They are the uniform product, in other words, of the uniform experience of man the world around. Which means that as humanity, for all its endless and tragic divisions into nations and races and tribes and clans, is still one great family of human beings, so religion, for all its divisions into churches and cults and denominations and competitive world faiths, is still one great body of the spirit! Nothing is more apparent to the sensible man, as more and more he studies the history of religion through the ages of the past, than that "religions are many, but religion is one."

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(5) A fifth idea is apparent to the sensible man. I refer to the fact that religion, wherever it appears, inevitably takes on the color of the intellectual and spiritual environment of its world. This is the reason why religion has in every age been accompanied by so many superstitions. It is not that religion itself is inherently superstitious. Rather is it that man is superstitious, and thus carries over into his religion, exactly as he carries over into his philosophy, and science, and the practices of his daily life, all the irrational fads and fancies that make up in any one age the content of his brain.

I have never been able to understand, for example, why the superstitions of science should not be equally conspicuous with the superstitions of religion, and lead to an equal amazement and contempt upon the part of the unbeliever. For science, exactly like religion, has its mythologies. Thus, it was no less a man than Aristotle, the founder of all the modern sciences, who taught that the earth was stationary and the center of the cosmos, that the seven planets moved around in oblique courses from left to right, that the outer heaven of the stars was composed not of matter but of a divine ether, and that all the machinery of the spheres was moved by a Godhead which was immovable and yet the source of motion. As late as the period of our own contemporary science, the immortal Kepler, who discovered the laws of planetary motion, baffled to account for the movements of these planets, finally concluded that they were sped upon their way by angels, who mounted them and drove them by the beating of their wings. As late as the middle of the last century, in the lifetime of the great Pasteur, science taught with the utmost seriousness the purely mythological idea of the spontaneous generation of life. And who knows but what a hundred years from now, our present ideas of atoms and molecules and electrons dancing in our test tubes will

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appear as egregiously absurd as the old medieval idea of angels dancing on the point of a needle!

Science, philosophy, religion, all share in the peculiar ideas that are current in their day. All follow the particular thought-processes which are characteristic of their age. All use the material of imagination—or of knowledge, which is the polite word for imagination!—which chances in this time or in that place to be available. It is not fair, therefore, to blame religion for its superstitions. The sensible man would never think of doing such a thing. He would carry back responsibility to man himself, who reveals in his religion, as in every other expression of his being, the limitations of his own intellectual and spiritual development. Religion, in other words, is no better than the age which produces it. As water cannot rise any higher than its source, so religion cannot rise any higher than the soul of man which is its origin. Religion must be as superstitious and as rational, as learned and as ignorant, as enlightened and as reactionary, as civilized and as uncivilized, as the people who profess it. Religion may be described as the mirror in which the spiritual, and also to a large extent the intellectual, character of the age is reflected and, therefore, seen. If religion is reactionary today, it is because the people are reactionary; if religion is ignorant, it is because the people are ignorant; if religion is bigoted and superstitious and benighted it is because the majority of our people are not far removed from savagery. This the sensible man knows. Therefore, he refuses to blame religion for faults and failings which he finds to exist primarily within himself.

(6) This brings into focus another fact which is apparent to the sensible man. I refer to what is elementary in the annals of common sense, but unknown in the dogmas of fanaticism—the proposition, namely, that religion has done much evil and much good in the world, and is to be credited with a fair assessment upon both sides of

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the ledger. Most people will deny either the one charge or the other. The pious Christian will declare that Christianity has been the greatest civilizing agency in the history of the race, and is responsible for all the progress that has been made during the last two thousand years. On the other hand, the militant atheist will declare that religion in all its forms has been the occasion of persecution, misery and death, and is the one greatest curse ever visited upon mankind. But the sensible man can accept neither side of this great argument. Since he is sensible, and also fairly well-informed, he knows there is nothing in the world which is either wholly good or wholly bad. As man himself, in his individual capacity, is a mingling of angel and of devil, so are the institutions which he has builded and the movements which he has furthered. Religion shares in this fact along with everything else in human life. It has been in all ages and to all peoples a bane and blessing, a curse and cure, a redemption and damnation.

Since it is popular in this age to denounce religion for its sins, let me pause for a moment to praise religion for its virtues. What has religion done which is good in the world? I should name, in answer to this question, at least three things:

First, it has fostered learning. In the darkest period that human history has ever known, it kept burning the only torch that lit the blackness of the world. If the church had never done anything but preserve through the Dark Ages the lore that was lost in Greece and Rome, humanity would forever stand immeasurably in its debt. Since that time religion has established schools, fostered study, cultivated knowledge, and therewith blazed the path in which all states and nations have later followed. It is true that, in the one case of modern science, religion was unable, or unwilling, to recognize the child which it had itself conceived. But the service of the church to learning

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remains what it has been, and not all the conflict between science and religion during the last three hundred years can efface the record or cancel the debt.

Secondly, religion has inspired and fostered art. The miracles of architecture all had their origin in religious sentiments; the Pyramid is a tomb, the Parthenon a temple, Chartres a cathedral. The statuary of Greece and Rome, and of the Italian Renaissance, was fundamentally religious; Phidias carved Athena, Praxiteles Apollo, Michael Angelo the Moses and the David. Painting found alike its birth and its maturity within the church; take from the history of the brush and palette the influence of religion, and how much that is noblest would be lost! In our own time, to be sure, the arts have become emancipated from religion. But what evidence is there that these secular arts of today have either the power or the beauty of the sacred arts of yesterday?

Thirdly, religion has sustained and served the moral standards of the race. That morality is identical with religion, I do not believe. The moral law has an authority of its own which is original and not derivative. But that religion has given to morality a sanction which has lifted it high and held it firm, like a banner in the breeze, amid the storm-clouds of the world, is beyond all question or dispute. In every religion there has appeared, sooner or later, a moral code. Confucius had his Wisdom, Zoroaster his Law, Moses his Ten Commandments, Buddha his Eight-Fold Path, Jesus his Beatitudes, and all religions, almost without exception, the Golden Rule. Inevitably, the will of God has been interpreted in terms of conduct for the life of man. Religion, if it has not conceived morality, has adopted it and endowed it with the richness of its grace. Is it not significant that the most secular of modern teachers has found it advisable to describe his ethics as "the religion of duty"? Is it altogether accidental that the decline of religion in our time

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is accompanied by a decline of morality which is without exception the most alarming feature of our contemporary life?

(7) This confession that there is good in religion, as well as evil, brings me to the final viewpoint of the sensible man. I refer to the practical conclusion that, since religion, like everything else, is a mixture of good and bad, we cannot do a better thing than separate the good from the bad, the truth from the error, the reality from the mythology, and thus enable religion to be wholly an influence for the advancement of mankind. The sensible man, be it said, is preëminently sane and honest, and therefore, sees the faults of religion—its prejudice, its pride, its intolerance, its bigotry, its cruel persecutions, its ridiculous superstitions, its conservatism, conventionality and blind reaction, its stupid fidelity to the past and equally stupid fear of the future. But the sensible man is not only sane and honest—he is also practical. He wants to know why, for all these faults, religion should be cast away. Why throw out the baby with the bath? For religion is not static, that it cannot be changed. It is not hopeless, that it cannot be improved. The sensible man is not surprised by the evils of religion, but neither is he alarmed. He has seen all these evils before in other institutions and movements. And he would do with them in religion exactly what he has striven to do with them elsewhere—namely, get rid of them, and therewith cleanse of its abominations the most potent single influence for good in the whole history of man. *For what is religion?*

It is not God, for religion may exist, as it has existed, without any definite belief concerning the nature of ultimate spiritual reality. It is not the immortality of the soul, for religion may or may not be interested in the question of survival after death. It is not the soul itself, for at least one great religion has denied that there is a soul and has sought as its end and aim deliverance from

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all existence. Religion is not belief of any kind, though it has beliefs. Neither is it a church, for religion has often had to flee the church, as Jesus fled the synagogue, in order to survive. And it is not a priesthood, for priests are no more necessary to religion than politicians to patriotism.

No, religion is none of these things which are at best its feeble expression, and at worst its arrant betrayal. Religion in its essence goes back of creeds and rituals and churches to man himself, and to man's experience in the world, as he tries to lift himself to the level that is within his life. Religion, says Professor Schmidt, in his new book, *The Living Religion*, is "an active desire." It is "a mode of behavior, a will to live in a particular way." Religion, he continues, is in the last analysis a "devotion to the highest. It is the direction of the mind toward what is conceived to be the highest truth, of the will toward the highest duty, the chief thing to be done, and of the heart toward the highest beauty, the most complete harmony and satisfaction." And ultimately, perhaps, in its loftiest reach and deepest penetration, religion is "the consciousness of some power manifest in nature" which helps man in "the ordering of his life in harmony with its demands."

This is the religion which the sensible man sees, and the religion which he would save and serve. He cannot conceive of life without this religion, nor of humanity without its inspiration. Having little sympathy with the pietist to whom religion is everything, and equally little sympathy with the atheist to whom it is nothing, or worse than nothing, the sensible man would cling to that out-reach of the mind, that up-reach of the soul, which delivers man from utter bondage to the earth. The world is today, perhaps, more indifferent to religion than ever before in history. Just for this reason does the sensible man consult

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the wisdom of the ages, and of his own heart, and say
with George Santayana, poet and great philosopher—

O world, thou choosest not the better part.
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

II

IF CHRISTIANS WERE CHRISTIANS!

It is the thought of what might happen to this world if Christians were Christians, that has led me to this thought for Christmas. Nineteen hundred and thirty years ago, more or less, Jesus was born in Bethlehem, or Nazareth. It makes no difference in which town he first saw the light—the important thing is that the greatest of spiritual teachers was born! What kind of a world would we be living in today, if the precepts of this man had been obeyed? What would have been accomplished if Christians had been Christians; what could still be accomplished at this hour, if Christians were only Christians now? Let me mention to you certain things, listed in order like the Ten Commandments, which would be true if this were a Christian world.

I. If Christians were Christians—and do not be surprised at this!—*there would be no churches*. No churches at least in the theological and ecclesiastical sense of the word! There would be no popes and cardinals, no bishops and archbishops, sitting upon seats of power and ruling the consciences of men. There would be no synods and councils meeting to formulate rules and regulations for the control of human thought and conduct. There would be no canon law to be imposed by puny prelates upon men better than themselves. Can you imagine Jesus coming back to the world today, as James Russell Lowell pictured him coming back in the poem called "A Parable," and recognizing for a single moment the lordly men who

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presume to exercise authority in the Christian world in his holy name? Why, Jesus never founded any church; he established no ecclesiastical organization; he laid no hands on his disciples in ordination, or even in dedication. The doctrine of "the apostolic succession" is nothing more than a legend, a part of the vast mythology of Christian history. The Nazarene was altogether apart from and above these matters of worldly interest; he was not concerned with institutions and societies, offices and officials, rules and laws. The only church he ever knew was the synagogue, which at the very opening of his public ministry cast him out from its so-called sacred precincts. What Jesus sought to do in his work with men was simply to gather them together into a free fellowship of the spirit, that they might seek, and haply find, the way of life. His church, if you can call it such, was a simple democratic meeting of the people, held together in the ideal of the common life, for the working out of their common destiny in love and brotherhood. Dictatorial authority, ecclesiastical system, organization of any kind, was unknown to the little company of those who first followed in the footsteps of the Master. So I say that, if Christians were Christians, there would be no churches as we know churches today.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said—"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them, but it shall not be so among you."

II. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no creeds, no dogmas*. Jesus did not ask his disciples to believe any theology of any kind. I challenge you to read the Synoptic Gospels and find anywhere therein, from the first word of Matthew to the last word of Luke, a suggestion that Jesus ever imposed upon the minds of his disciples any doctrine or even opinion of religion. Jesus himself believed in God and taught the thought of God,

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but I cannot find that he ever made a belief in God a condition of membership in his group of followers. It is probable, though by no means certain, that Jesus believed in the immortality of the soul in our sense of the phrase. But, more than any other religious teacher of whom I know, with the single exception of Buddha, Jesus was indifferent to this faith, and it is therefore perhaps not surprising that he did not insist that his disciples should accept it. As for the dogmas of the Christian creeds—the fall of man, the inheritance of sin, damnation as a punishment for sin, the incarnation, the atonement, salvation and redemption—Jesus knew nothing of these ideas. He could not have understood their meaning, or even recognized their words, had they been in existence in his day. If Jesus were to return to earth and read the Apostle's Creed, he would ask, What does this mean? If he were to ponder the Athanasian Creed, his mind would be thrown into confusion and dismay. If he were to encounter the Thirty-Nine Articles, he would declare either that he did not comprehend them, or else that they were not true. As for the Westminster Confession, his sensitive spirit would be horrified by one of the most abominable statements of theology ever conceived by the mind of man. It cannot be emphasized too often that Jesus was not a theologian. He interpreted religion as something not primarily to be believed but to be lived. Christianity was not a system of theology but a way of life. His one demand upon his disciples was that they should do the will of God, which he interpreted in terms of love one for another. Therefore do I say that if Christians were Christians, there would be no creeds nor dogmas attached to our religion.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

III. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no*

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sects, no denominations, in the Christian world. For if Christians were really Christians, they could not quarrel with one another, nor separate from one another, but rather, like cells in the physical organism, would be members together in the "one body of Christ." In nothing was St. Paul so insistent, and also so inspired, as in his declaration that all Christians should be united in this "one body." Yet the Christian world is divided today into so many contradictory, alien and frequently hostile groups, that no one of us can tell the total of them all. In the last religious census of the United States Government it is stated that, in this country alone, there are over two hundred distinct and separate Christian denominations. Isn't that a delightful situation! I know of no way of treating such a situation except in terms of irony, sarcasm, and bitter scorn. Thus, in my wickedest moments, I picture Jesus of Nazareth coming back to the earth today and seeking out the fellowship of his own. I can see him walking the streets of this great city, and looking at its churches. This church, his guide would say, is a Baptist church. Baptist, the Nazarene would ask; what is a Baptist church? This, the guide would continue, is a Presbyterian church. Presbyterian, the Nazarene would ponder; what do you mean by Presbyterian? And this is a Catholic church, would be the next announcement. Catholic, the Nazarene would say; I have never heard of Catholic before. And so the guide would lead this visitor from a distant and ancient land to Methodist churches, Congregational churches, Universalist churches, Unitarian churches, Christian Science churches, Roman Catholic churches, Greek Orthodox churches, Second Adventist churches, Quaker meeting-houses—and is it not certain that, after a time, the Nazarene, weary and confused, would ask feebly of his guide, Are there no Christian churches in this city? Every other kind of a church that the hand of man can build and the wit of man can conceive, but

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nowhere in this city, or in this land, or in the world at large, such a thing as a church which is first, last, and all the time, nothing but a Christian church! The Christian world today, as for centuries past, is torn into fragments, just as the body of Osiris, in the old Egyptian legend, was torn into fragments and scattered to the four winds of heaven. And do you not remember, that when Osiris was thus dismembered, his body perished, even though it was the body of a god? So with "the one body of Christ"! When the Christian church began to be torn asunder into dozens, scores, hundreds of denominations, "the one body of Christ" perished. Jesus died when the first sect of Christianity was formed. For Jesus could not recognize his disciples, as they themselves cannot hope to do his work, unless first of all united in love of him and of each other. Therefore do I say that if Christians were Christians, there would be no sects, no denominations.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "Ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another."

IV. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no anti-Semitism*. Jesus was a Jew. There is nothing that the ordinary Christian so dislikes to remember as this awkward historical fact. But it happens, none the less, to be true. Jesus was a Jew; his disciples were Jews; his early followers were Jews; the first meetings of these followers were held in Jewish synagogues; his movement, as it scattered abroad through the Roman Empire, was recognized everywhere in the beginning as a Jewish movement. This being true, if we would love Jesus and serve his kingdom, must we not love also his brethren—the men and women who carry in their veins today the blood which flowed in the veins of the living Christ? If Jesus were to return to earth, do you know where he would find himself at home? Not in any Christian church, for there is nothing done in our Christian churches today which would be familiar to the man who lived in ancient Palestine.

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The Catholic mass, the Episcopal communion service, the Protestant adoration of the second person of the Trinity, even the simple services of Christian liberals, would be all too strange to his Jewish mind. But if by any chance Jesus should stumble into a synagogue, he would find himself happily with his own brethren and promptly recognize everything, for the things that are done in the Jewish synagogue today were done in the synagogue in which Jesus was born and reared. Prejudice against the Jews, for any reason or to any end, is the final profanation of the religion of Jesus, the Jew. Therefore do I say that, if Christians were Christians, there would be no anti-Semitism.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, when he stood up in the synagogue on the Sabbath day, at that fateful moment when he began his public ministry, and, we are told, read from the scroll of the Prophet Isaiah, remember how he said, "This day is the scripture fulfilled in your ears."

V. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no race prejudice*. For the essence of Christianity is brotherhood. Prejudice, of course, is a sin not of Christians alone but of humanity at large. It has grown as a pestilential weed in the soil of every land and in the atmosphere of every heart. Yet the early Christians met the challenge of race prejudice, and overcame it. Jesus met it in his friendly relations with the Samaritans, who were as much despised by the Jews of his day as the Negroes are commonly despised by the white citizens of this country today. Philip, Jesus's disciple, met it when an Ethiopian, black as midnight, asked to be received into the Christian company, and was baptized in honor as one of the brethren. Peter, the first of the disciples, met the test when he received the Roman centurion, Cornelius, with the unforgettable words, "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is ac-

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ceptable with him." Paul met the test when he went to Rome, as cosmopolitan a city in its day as New York is in ours, and preached to all the people without distinction that they should accept the gospel of the risen Christ. Yet Christians today are so eaten up with prejudice against those who are alien to themselves that something like a miracle is consummated when people of different blood and color gather together in one place in the name of religion. Only recently I discovered this when I had the honor of addressing a certain ministerial society in this city. At the close of my address I encountered criticism, disagreement, even mild denunciation. One of the brethren, a gracious soul, feeling in his friendly way that something should be said on my behalf, rose to his feet and undertook to demonstrate that, hidden away in some obscure corner of my life, were virtues, and that therefore I was not to be regarded as an utterly disreputable person. This man said in a spirit so considerate and tender that it is almost criminal to use this story as an illustration of my theme, that he had come to a service in my church once and had there seen a wonderful thing. "Think of it," he exclaimed, "when the offering was taken in Mr. Holmes's church, I actually saw a Negro march down the aisle with the white men and pass the collection plate!" Here was something so strange, so unusual, so unheard of, that it called for comment. What more terrible indictment than this could be spoken against the Christian churches which do their so-called Christian work in this so-called Christian country? Why, I ask you, should not all Christian churches have white and blacks worshiping and working together? Why should the races anywhere be segregated, and the worship of the one God thus be divided? If Christianity means brotherhood, it means brotherhood in universal terms, the brotherhood of all men as children of the one God and Father of mankind.

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Therefore do I believe that, if Christians were Christians, there would be no race prejudice among men.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, when his mother and his brothers came to him to bid him to come home and dwell in peace with his own family, "and he looked around about them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren."

VI. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no such thing as nationalism*. Jesus was not a nationalist; he never said a word about patriotism; he never organized a nationalist movement, or led a patriotic cause. This, when you come to think of it, is remarkable, for patriotism of the narrow nationalistic type was rife in his day. His country was in the hands of a foreign conqueror, and its soil thus overrun by alien invaders. Roman legionaries guarded the sacred places and a Roman governor exercised authority over helpless citizens. Again and again, in various parts of Palestine, heroic patriots arose in the spirit of the Maccabees, to declare revolt against the Roman conqueror and thus precipitate wars of nationalistic independence. The age of Jesus was a feverishly patriotic age. Yet the Nazarene never had anything to do with movements of this sort. Jesus was not a patriot, at least in our modern sense of the word. He loved his country and revered its people. He abhorred the tyranny which degraded and oppressed his land. But, even so, his spirit could not be confined within nationalist borders, or his heart imprisoned behind the bars of patriotic causes. He was not opposed to nationalism—he simply transcended and transfigured it. For his supreme interest was not his country, or any country, but humanity. He loved men, wherever they were, under whatever flag they lived, to whatever god they prayed; and he sought for nothing so much as to unite them in one kinship of the spirit. Therefore do I believe that if Christians were Christians, there would be no nationalism.

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Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world."

VII. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no wealth, no private wealth*, no accumulation of vast fortunes in the hands of individuals. Jesus denounced great possessions as alien to his gospel and fatal to his religion. With his unerring spiritual insight, he saw that private wealth means inevitably an unfair distribution of this world's goods. He saw also that private wealth means as inevitably a separation between men, since the rich man cannot associate with the poor man on a plane of equality and mutual good-will. Above all did he see that the influence of riches upon the soul of the individual is inevitably corruptive. Riches, as Walter Rauschenbusch has pointed out in his great interpretation of the teachings of Jesus on this point, must sooner or later sap the spiritual vitality of the soul. For "it is hard to get riches with justice, to keep them with equality, and to spend them with love." In all the teachings of Jesus there is nothing so emphatic, so clear-cut, so drastic, so terrible, as his denunciation of riches. Therefore do I declare that if Christians were Christians, there could be no such thing as wealth in the hands of private possessors.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth neither corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal . . . No man can serve two masters . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

VIII. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no poverty*. Nothing was more remarkable in Jesus than his love for the poor and his care for their interests. But this does not mean that he thought the poor better than other people. Jesus was no sentimentalist; he did not confuse

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poverty with virtue. On the contrary, he knew that the poor were just about as good, and also just about as bad, as the rest of human nature. In his sympathetic interest in the poor he was not concerned for the moment with moral qualities. What caught and held his attention was the tragic fact that the poor were hungry and cold and homeless, and had been robbed. He wanted the poor to know that he knew that they were exploited and despoiled and, therefore, had not what properly belonged to them. And he desired, if it lay within his power, to restore to the poor their earthly heritage. For this reason is it impossible to conceive that there can be any poor in a society that is controlled by Christians. For, if Christians were Christians, they would provide in justice that each man should enjoy the fruits of his own labor, and thus possess his share of the wealth and power of the world. If Christians were Christians, that is, there would be no poverty.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh."

IX. If Christians were Christians, *there would be no war*. For is it not obvious that, if Christians were Christians, they would not fight? There was a time, in the early history of the Christian world, when Christians were really Christians. The one thing that the Roman government knew about these Christians who came streaming through the Empire in the first two centuries after the crucifixion of Jesus, was the challenging fact that when the recruiting officer came to their homes, they refused to obey his summons. It may be presumed that these early Christians understood the gospel which they preached and for which they suffered tortures and the horror of cruel death. They knew, if Christians since have never known, that fidelity to a master who taught the heroic injunction, Resist not

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evil, involved a refusal to draw the sword and slay a fellowman. So they were not deceived by brass bands, nor dazzled by flags, nor frightened by arms. Rather than fight and kill, even in defense of the only country that they knew, they preferred to be imprisoned and executed as traitors. So that the early Christians, like the master whom they sought to follow, became known everywhere as non-resistants. Therefore do I say that, if Christians were Christians, they would refuse to fight, and, as a consequence, there would be no war.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight. But my kingdom is *not* of this world."

X. Lastly, if Christians were Christians, *there would be no violence, no force, no brute authority, no police and prisons, no army and navy.* Jesus bade men to love one another, to forgive one another, to pity and help one another. To do this requires the highest degree of courage that the human heart can muster, for it means to trust in the spirit and not in the flesh. But the Christians whom Jesus knew had this courage, and therefore they needed no arms or weapons to defend them on the way of life. They dared to believe, as Mahatma Gandhi believes to-day, that soul-force, or spirit, is unconquerable, and that the man who loves has nothing to fear. The trouble with Christians today is that they are afraid; and, because they are afraid, they seize weapons and resort to violence. Christians have lost the spiritual art, if indeed they ever really learned it, of trusting wholly and implicitly the heart of man. But, if Christians were Christians, they would master this art. And straightway would live in love and therefore at peace with all mankind. Therefore, I say that, if Christians were Christians, there would be no violence, no tyranny, no repression, no hate.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good

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to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you, and persecute you. That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven . . . For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? . . . and if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? . . . Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

These are my answers to the question as to what would happen if Christians were Christians. May I not sum it all up by saying that, if Christians were Christians, we would have in this world one spiritual fellowship of men, seeking steadfastly "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace"; we would have one universal brotherhood of men—not races or nations or classes, but humanity; we would have one commonwealth of men—not rich and poor, high and low, but a single family enjoying freely and happily the riches of the earth which is their common home; and, lastly, we would have everywhere a reign of peace, the reign of all who love in the service of all who suffer.

III

RELIGION AS AN OPIATE

My TOPIC is suggested by a picture, or scene, in the city of Moscow, which has held the attention of every visitor to Russia since the advent of the Soviet Republic, and which has been more widely commented upon, perhaps, than any other one thing in the land of the Bolsheviki. I refer to that amazing inscription painted upon the walls of the Kremlin, just by the gateway leading into the Red Square where lie buried the martyrs of the revolution and the body of the great Lenin himself—"Religion is the opiate of the people."

Most travelers who have read this inscription have told about it in terms of horror and disgust. Here is conclusive evidence, they say, of the atheism and anarchy of the Soviets. These Russian Communists are so hostile to religion that, like dirty schoolboys, they have to scrawl their ribald jests upon walls and fences, to teach the passers-by their contempt of sacred things. Yet this statement, "Religion is the opiate of the people," is not their own invention; it is derived, if I am not mistaken, from the writings of Karl Marx. And whatever we may think of its use at this particular place and in this particular way upon the Kremlin wall, it has aptness and cogency as applied to religion in old Russia which was used for no other purpose in those days of tyranny than to drug the people into unconscious submission to public outrages and indignities. And it has an application to religion in general which is more direct and disastrous than we commonly realize. For there

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is something apparently inherent in religion which tends to give it the qualities of a drug, if we be not constantly on the watch to guard against it. In more ways than it is pleasant to contemplate, the effects of an opiate upon the mind of a man run parallel, step by step, with the effects of religion of a certain type upon his spirit. Let us analyze these effects for a moment, as in the case of opium, and see if it is not truer than we like to believe that religion is, or may easily be made, an opiate, of which opium may be taken as the perfect example.

I have never tasted opium, or smoked opium. My information about the consequences of its use, therefore, is all of it second-hand—based upon medical reports, upon biographical data such as that in the life of Coleridge, the English poet, or upon such superb literary material as *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, by Thomas De Quincey. So far as I am able to make out, opium works three perfectly distinct and progressive consequences upon its victims.

In the first place, it induces sleep. Opium has the magic power of lulling the physical senses into slumber, and thus of shutting out from consciousness the realities of the world. In a recent book, now widely read, the autobiography of a burglar called *You Can't Win*, there is a description of a Chinese opium smoker in action. "His withered, claw-like hands trembled as he feverishly rolled the first 'pill.' He stuck the pill in its place and, turning his pipe to the lamp, greedily sucked the smoke into his lungs. Now, with a long, grateful exhalation, the smoke is discharged, the cramped limbs relax and straighten out, the smoker heaves a sigh of satisfaction. . . . The bamboo pipe is put aside with caressing touch, the lamp blown out with gentle breath, and the devotee, sighing softly, curls himself up"—in sleep!

Opium takes us, secondly, into the stage of dreams. Hamlet, in his great soliloquy on death, suggests that "to die"

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is "to sleep," and "to sleep" is "perchance to dream." However it may be with the sleep of death, of which we know nothing, it is certain that the sleep of opium, of which we know a great deal, is succeeded by dreams of the most fantastic character. Sometimes these dreams are horrible, like nightmares; more often they are fanciful and ecstatic, like visions of the Arabian Nights; now and then, they take the definite creative form of poetry or art, and linger on almost as a reality after the sleep is done. You may remember the famous experience of Coleridge, who awoke one day out of an opium-sleep, with the magic poem of "Kubla Khan" within his mind.

But there is a third stage of the opium experience. The victim does not remain in this fairy realm. On the contrary, he wakes up sooner or later, and falls into a state of revulsion which is a terrible punishment of his indulgence. This stage has been described more vividly by De Quincey than by any other writer, largely because he fought his way out of his enslavement, and made his awakening from the sleep and the dream a permanent awakening. He speaks of irritability and nausea. This was "accompanied by intense perspirations," and inward feelings of agony and despair. "Even when four months had passed," he says, describing his battle for deliverance, "(I was) still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered." The last stage of opium, in other words, is a reaction of the most extreme variety from the soothing slumber and the gorgeous dreams which its victim has enjoyed. The awakening is so painful that the return to reality often leaves the victim a broken and tormented man.

Such are the three stages of experience induced by opium. See, now, how religion has again and again been made to work these same effects, in this same order, and thus become, in very truth, an opiate!

(1) Of the capacity of religion to dull the senses, to

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deaden or destroy the apprehension of reality, in a word, to put a person intellectually and spiritually to sleep, we have numerous illustrations. I choose, for an example, the whole theology of Providence, and the effect of its impact upon the mind of the believer! This world, we are told, is directed by an overruling Providence, which is all-wise, all-good, all-powerful. Everything that happens in the world represents the will or the decree of this Divine Providence. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father! It may be that what happens seems to be calamitous. But we must pass no judgment on these things—we must not complain, or protest, or rebel. For we can know nothing about the purposes of God. Sufficient for us to know that "God wills it," that it is "the decree of Providence"—and bow our heads and hearts in loyal submission.

Now what is this doctrine of Divine Providence, as thus interpreted, but an opiate for the dulling of men's senses against the impact of reality? This is not to deny that there is an aspect of sublimity in the expression of such a faith, as when Job cried from out his misery—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." This is not to deny that there are uses for such an anodyne of pain. We give opiates in the hospital when the surgeon's knife produces an agony greater than flesh and blood can bear. But at bottom this idea of Providence is untrue—this universe is not directed in all its minute episodes by a divine ruler who chastens those whom he loves; and the acceptance of such an idea has done more to paralyze man in his resistance to evil than anything else of which I can think. For centuries, men believed that disease was the will of God. We find a survival of this superstition when a little child, or a man in the prime of his manhood, is taken away by death, and the minister says, and the mourners oftentimes believe, that it is well, since God wills it. The logic of such an idea is, of course, that we must accept

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the ill which Providence has brought to us. The consequence of such logic is a submission to the ill, and at last an unconsciousness that the ill *is* an ill and not a good. Which means that the idea is an opiate which puts men to sleep in relation to this whole great problem of disease! In the old days pestilences walked the earth, taking a toll sometimes of half the population of a town or country—and the people did nothing but flock to the churches, and pray God to be merciful and spare them. It was only when humanity, under the influence of modern science, threw off the spell of this theological drug and faced disease with every rational sense alert and active, that pestilences disappeared, and one disease after another was conquered.

What is true of disease is true also of such an evil as poverty. "The destruction of the poor," we are told, "is their poverty." Yet we are also told, by the religion of Divine Providence, that poverty is an expression of the will of God—that some men are chosen by God to be rich, and others to be poor. We have even been told that wealth is a reward of righteousness, and poverty a punishment for sin. In any case, the economic order is established by the decree of Providence, and must be accepted as we accept the order of nature. Religion of this type, in other words, has served the interests of economic injustice, as it is still serving these interests today, by teaching men to accept as divinely ordered what, as a matter of fact, is only humanly permitted.

Political tyranny is another example of the working of the idea of Providence as an opiate. See what it did in Russia, where the state was described as ordained of God, and the Czar presented as the vice-regent of God upon the earth. Under such a dispensation as this, the church had the single function of rendering the people unconscious of the real nature of society and government, and thus insensible to the monstrous political ills from which

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they suffered. Religion, in other words, was an opiate, working its first result of slumber upon its victims.

(2) The second stage of the drug experience is fantasy. The opium-eater drifts into the realm of dreams, and there finds that some of the dreams are beautiful and some horrible. We get both kinds in this second stage of religion as an opiate of the soul. On the one hand are those dreams of heaven which people the world-to-come with such a gorgeous pageantry of splendor. These dreams run all the way from the crude heaven of the Salvation Army, with its harp-playing and psalm-singing, through the more substantial Celestial City of John Bunyan, with its shining walls and sounding trumpets, to the cosmic grandeur of Dante's vision of Purgatory and Paradise. But they are all identical in being pictures which have been conjured up by the dream experience of an opiate. On the other hand, those of you who have read De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* will remember the horrors that came to him again and again out of the realm of dreams—the monsters which he saw, the agonies which he vicariously suffered, the ugliness which rose up in shapes innumerable to blast his consciousness forever. Now it is just such dreaming as this, under the influence of religion, which has given us the incredible horrors of the Christian hell. Millions of people, in times gone by, accepted these horrors as reality, just as they accepted also the reality of heaven. So Thomas De Quincey was led by his opium habit into a realm now of bliss and now of agony which was more real to him than anything he encountered upon this earthly plane. But now we know that these visions of the world beyond are all projections of the inner life. They are all phantoms of the imagination conjured up by a religion which poisoned men's souls as opium poisons the substance of their brains.

But this is not the only dreaming that men do under the influence of spiritual opiates. Look at the Millen-

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nialites who swarm about us in this country, dreaming of the day when Christ and all his angels are to descend out of heaven and establish the throne of God upon the earth. These people are simply spiritual drug-fiends; and so are all the people, who, in ages past, have dreamed of some cataclysmic moment when the powers of earth are to be smitten by the hosts of heaven, and the Day of Judgment come at last upon the wicked. Read the book of "Revelation" in the New Testament! Note its angels with the seven seals, its dragon and its great white horse, its scarlet woman and its golden city, its horns and candlesticks and trumpets, and the throne of the Lamb. Here in every line is an exact counterpart spiritually of those various specimens of opium literature, of which De Quincey's masterpiece is the most famous example. The apocalyptic and eschatological books which abound in Christianity, as in Judaism, are all of this same character, and are all to be explained in this same way. Men have been drugged by religion, and this is the result.

There is a pathos about this literature, as about the experience it reveals, which is significant in its human aspects, and therefore not to be ignored. Men who have toiled all their days with bent backs and breaking hearts dream of a heaven in which every day will be a day of rest. Men who have never seen a goldpiece or a gem in all their lives dream of golden streets, and jasper walls, and gates of pearl. Men who have groveled in the dust before the kings and princes of the earth dream of that future day when even the humblest shall wear crowns and sit upon thrones. There is a lot of psychology in all this—that psychology of compensation, of which Freud has made so much. And so there is in the dreams of Messiahs and Second Comings and Days of Judgment! Think of what it means to the crushed millions of mankind to believe that there will some day descend upon the world a heavenly power who will reverse all human values! The

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Christian "Magnificat," in origin a Jewish Messianic hymn, gives the picture of how the Son of God hath come upon the earth, and

Hath put down the mighty from their seats and
exalted them of low degree,
He hath filled the hungry with good things and
the rich he hath sent empty away.

All this is understandable enough—there is a pathos about it which tells us much of human suffering, and of the repressed hunger of the human heart for deliverance. But it is a dream-process all the same. It is what men see, as in the mystic shadows of a fantasy, when they have yielded to the opiate of a vain theology. Not thus shall freedom come, or the desires of men's hearts be satisfied. Neither in this world nor in the next shall we be given what we have not earned. "The holy city, new Jerusalem," in other words, comes not "down out of heaven," as the Apocalypse declared. Rather does it rise up out of the earth, builded by men's hands, reared by the sweat of their labor and the blood of their sacrifice.

We are builders of that city.
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building stones.

Hence the mischief of this dreaming, which in one way or another takes us into the realm of pure illusion.

(3) The third stage of religion as an opiate brings us to the period of awakening, when the sleeper passes out of his dreams and back into the world of grim reality. With most opium-eaters, or smokers, this awakening never comes, or is never carried through to the point of actual deliverance. The process of awakening is so painful—it dispels such dreams and shatters such illusions—it is accompanied by physical agonies of such excruciating in-

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tensity—that the victim simply shudders, seizes upon a fresh supply of his drug, and rushes back into his welcome sleep. With a few addicts, however, like Thomas De Quincey, the battle is fought through to a successful issue. More often than not, it leaves the victim a shattered wreck—the experience of revulsion breaks the body and strains the nerves. Even when a return to normal health is at last achieved, there are scars which never disappear.

Now it is just this experience of agonizing reaction which we invariably see at work in the case of those who awaken, or are awakened, out of the dope of their theological drugs. Did you ever see an orthodox believer suddenly confronted with liberal religion? There is a physical reaction as in sickness; the believer grows faint, perhaps collapses, and rushes back to the true church as an opium-smoker rushes back to his pipe. Did you ever ask yourselves why the orthodox theologians are so intolerant and cruel in their treatment of heretics—why the priests of Alexandria hewed the naked body of Hypatia to pieces with clam shells; why the Inquisition burned the maiden, Joan of Arc, alive at the stake; why Calvin, the Protestant, burned Servetus to death over a slow fire at Geneva? The answer is the same as the answer to the question as to why drug-fiends will lie, and cheat, and steal, and even murder, to get a supply of the opiate without which they cannot live. Having once been caught in the realm of dreams, they dare not come back. The pain of adjustment is so acute that they cannot endure it, or even face it. Not truth, but comfort, is what they want. Any delirium will suit them, if it is only soothing and beautiful enough. So they insist upon being left alone with their anodyne of peace. And woe unto the man who awakens them to the grim terror of reality!

But there are those who wake up—who fight their way through to sanity and health. These are the heretics,

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whose inward pains are sometimes as terrible as any pains thrust upon them from without by a persecuting world. We incline to wonder why the free spirits in religion are frequently so extreme in their unbelief—why doubt follows so hard upon faith, even blasphemy upon reverence. Here is Voltaire with his ribaldry at the expense of Christianity, Thomas Paine with his ferocious attacks upon the Bible, Robert Ingersoll with his frank delight in "the mistakes of Moses." Here are the Bolshevists of Russia today—uncompromising enemies of religion, as they know it—atheists in their creed and materialists in their philosophy. Such phenomena as these seem difficult to explain, until we discover and investigate the background of these men. Behind Voltaire was the corrupt and cruel hierarchy of Catholic France; behind Paine was the horror of Calvinistic Protestantism, with its doctrines of predestination, infant damnation, and infallible Scriptures; behind Ingersoll was an anæmic church, refusing to draw sustenance from the rich stores of modern scientific truth, and thus deliberately dying of its own inanition and despair. As for the Bolshevists, never forget that the only religion they have ever known is the religion of Holy Russia, with its incredible ignorance, its abominable superstition, its hideous corruption, its deliberate subjection of a people to political and social slavery. From such a horror of delusion and death there is no escape save the escape of De Quincey from his opium-eating. Every man who has been drugged by the opiate of the orthodox theologies must fight his way through to reason by the path of revulsion, agony, and repudiation. This is the period of reaction from the slumber and the dream. It is the swinging of the pendulum from the one extreme to the other. We must not blame these men who shock us, perhaps, with the fury of their hostility to religion. Rather must we praise them for their acuteness in discovering that the religion which they have known is a dangerous drug, for their willingness to

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meet the agony and endure the pain which must accompany the fight against it, and for their heroism in winning at last deliverance for themselves, and thus for other people. These men are champions of truth and servants of life. Their suffering, in other words, is not in vain. It is a vicarious sacrifice for the freedom of mankind.

It is in this threefold sense, and to this threefold result, that a type of religion may be described, as the Russians describe it on the Kremlin wall, as an "opiate." It puts men to sleep, and thus makes them insensible to the world of reality; it teaches men to dream, and thus leads them into the world of fantasy; it visits men with pain, and thus blocks their way to liberty. Religion of this type must be fought exactly like a physical opiate, as perilous to mankind. It must be wiped out by education, as the drug traffic by legislation, that mankind may gain its freedom. The condition of all freedom, of course, is truth—"know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!" But it is truth which the victims of a bad theology and a corrupt ecclesiasticism cannot see, as it is reality which the addicts of an opiate will not face. So if we would know the truth, and thus be free, this religion must go. And when it goes and truth comes, we discover that we have another religion, the *one* religion, which is truth itself! This is the religion which I have said the heretics and atheists were finding in spite of themselves, in their revolt against superstition. It is the religion which all true prophets of the soul have proclaimed and lived. The basis of this religion is reality—the facts of life unhidden and undisguised. The power of this religion is reason, as developed by the scientific method of our time. The goal of this religion is humanity enlarged, redeemed and glorified in the experience of this present world. The church of this religion is an organization of men which, "seeking truth in freedom, strives to apply it in love, for the cultivation of character, the fostering of fellowship, and the

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establishment of a righteous social order which shall bring abundant life to men."

This religion, be it noted, does not put men to sleep. On the contrary, it wakes them up to knowledge, aspiration, and human service. This religion prompts no idle dreams of miracle and fancy. On the contrary, it formulates its gospel in great programs of reform alike for the individual and for this society of earth. This religion brings in its train no pain, no fear, no hate. Rather does it bring the joy which makes glad the heart of man in his unending quest of the Divine through love of humankind. Whittier speaks, in his well-known poem, "The Brewing of Soma," of how man has drugged himself to madness for ages. From such abnormality, still practiced among us, he prays to be delivered:

Dear Lord and Father of mankind!
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

IV

IS THE UNIVERSE FRIENDLY?

I AM taking for my text a certain story which is narrated of the great German scientist and philosopher, Ernst Haeckel, to whom somebody once addressed the unusually significant inquiry:

"If in some way you could be unfailingly assured of a truthful answer to any question of the many you might wish to have answered, what question would you ask?"

Haeckel, we are told, remained silent for a moment, as though absorbed in thought, and then he said:

"The question I would most like to see answered is this, *Is the universe friendly?*"

As we study the progress of man's reaction upon the universe, we discover three attitudes which he has taken.

In the early days he regarded the universe as frankly hostile. He believed himself to be living in a world which was more or less openly seeking to destroy him. This was the origin of religion, say some students of the question; the familiar aspects of religion, such as prayer and sacrifice and propitiation, had their beginning in man's desire to secure the favor of unfriendly powers. Primitive man lived in terror of natural forces which were greater than himself, and he knew of nothing to do but to buy off these forces, as he would buy off an invader of his country by payment of tribute, and thus secure some kind of protection from a hostile world.

The second attitude of man is the characteristic attitude of religion as it has prevailed in most of the civilized

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countries of the past. I refer to the conviction that the universe is good, and to the life of trust that is associated with this conviction. Just where man got his evidence of good is sometimes difficult to tell. But we are doing wrong, perhaps, to attempt to rationalize this idea of a friendly world. What we have here, after all, is not a philosophy, nor even a theology, but a sentiment—a great gesture of spiritual faith—an heroic leap of man into the darkness of the unknown. He wills to believe, as William James would put it, that a God reigns who is good, and that his rule, therefore, is a Providence of love. Whether this is true or not is beside the question. It is the challenge which man flings into the face of time. Seeing all the "ill that 'round [him] lies," he still insists that he may stretch "lame hands of faith," and "faintly trust the larger hope."

If this attitude was characteristic of man yesterday, and for centuries before, it is not characteristic of man today. For we are no longer living in an age of faith. Our period is definitely an age of science, and science has transformed our outer and our inner worlds. What has happened is the vast expansion of the universe in which we dwell. On the one hand, this universe has been extended in space, until its reaches are so stupendous as to paralyze the mind. On the other hand, it has been extended in time, until we have no figures to express the billions of years through which this realm of matter has endured. Into this stream of time there has suddenly appeared man, a mere fleck of foam upon its moving surface. Nothing is more surely revealed by modern science than the utter, the inconceivable insignificance of man. He floats like a vagrant atom of dust amid the whirl and crash of enormous machines which were before he was, and will be when he is done. It is incredible that man, as we know him today, has any place in the destiny of the cosmos, as we see it today—that these innumerable spheres of light, moving with matchless speed through these stupendous areas of space, have any concern

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for what is the thought and desire of our race. We live in a world which knows us not, and which, even if it did know us, would not care, in the vast sweep of its cosmic business, whether we prospered or suffered, survived or perished, lived or died.

This, now, is the judgment of our scientific age—the third reaction of man upon the universe! This universe is not hostile, nor yet is it friendly. It is simply indifferent. In this judgment we find the point of the question which we are asking. Are we content to regard the world as indifferent to our human fate? Is it true that we must abandon all belief in the universe as concerned, either one way or another, with our human progress? Or is there still some reason for seeing, with Robert Louis Stevenson, a universe which is “solemn” to be sure, and even “terrible,” but also “a very joyous and noble universe . . . where any brave man may make out a life that shall be happy for himself and . . . beneficent to those about him”?

(1) The first thing to be emphasized is the simple fact that we have gained a good deal today in understanding, thanks to science, that the universe is not hostile. The first step toward friendliness, in other words, is the absence of unfriendliness. It may not be a very inspiring or comforting thing to live in a merely indifferent world. But this is infinitely better than to live in a world which is deliberately seeking to visit injury and death upon the human race. This was the world of primitive man, as we have seen—a world which was armed against him, which laid traps before him, which imposed punishment upon him—a world which was inhabited by hostile or jealous gods who must be bought, or bribed, or propitiated, if man was to survive at all. Such a world, we now know, has never existed. Our universe may not care anything about us, but by the same token it does not nourish any grudge against us. Stevenson summed up the vast relief of this discovery when he declared that, for the first time in his-

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tory, we know today that "suffering is not inflicted." Suffering is here, as Stevenson was made to realize in his own experience far more than other men. But this suffering is not anything that is wanton, or vengeful, or wicked, or designed. It is not even to be regarded as punishment for sin. It comes simply in the natural order of events, and is not to be feared, or even denounced. It is only to be understood, and resisted, and overcome. A child is frightened when a table tumbles over and bruises his limbs. Perhaps the child is angry, since he feels that the table has deliberately tried to do him harm. Men felt this way for a long time about the universe, for they believed that the natural forces of the world were deliberately seeking to injure or to destroy them. But we do not feel this way today toward either a falling table or the crashing skies. We know that in such phenomena there is nothing hostile; and even go so far on occasion as to believe that

somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

(2) It is science that has taught us that the world is at the worst indifferent, and, therefore, not unfriendly—our first point! But science has taught us a second thing, which gives us a second forward step. I refer to the fact, which is a commonplace of modern knowledge, that the universe can be trusted. It keeps its promises, and fulfills its contracts. It lives up to the expectations created by man's actual experience. It plays the game according to the rules, and the rules are open and fair. If we want to play the game, we can do so with assurance of at least equal chance of success, and with a guarantee that we shall never under any circumstances be betrayed.

This trustworthy kind of world, of course, has not always existed. By this I mean that it has not always existed in men's minds—that the utterly reliable character of the universe has only recently been discovered. In ancient

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times the world was regarded as uncertain, fortuitous, capricious, unpredictable. Its activities were governed not by law but by chance. It was liable to do anything at any time. Primitive man never knew what to expect. He looked at the sky, and saw a star fall from its place and go flaming down into the vast abyss of night. He watched the river flowing peacefully by his village, only to see it rise without any warning and sweep away his home and harvest fields. He sat among his family as they laughed and chattered around the fire, and the next day saw his loved ones stricken by disease, and die. How could such a world be regarded as anything else but hostile? This universe of accident and chance, he believed, could not be trusted, and was not friendly to human interest and fate.

It was slowly through ages of hard experience and deep research that man discovered a world very different from the one seen by his ancestors in times gone by. The advance of science during the last three or four hundred years has done more than anything else to correct the illusions of man's ignorance and superstition. Three things of revolutionary importance are now known which were never known before:

In the first place, we know that the processes of life move always in cycles which are unalterable. The tides of the sea rise and fall twice every twenty-four hours. Day follows upon night, and night upon day, in an unvarying sequence of light and darkness. The seasons move one after another in precise order. The very stars in heaven move in appointed paths and swing in the circle of their orbits with a precision more exact than the ticking of a clock. The cycles of life constitute the harmony which ancient poets had in mind when they spoke of the "music of the spheres."

Secondly, we have discovered in recent days the fact of uniformity. The same thing happens at the same place and at the same time to one man as to every other man. The

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universe treats its creatures with what one observer has called "a dispassionate impartiality." Jesus sensed this fact with the intuition of spiritual genius when he declared that "God makes his sun rise upon the evil and the good, and sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust." But the fact of uniformity goes deeper than the surface incidents of life. It comprises the substance of the universe, which is composed of the same basic elements in this earth as in all the stars within the farthest firmament. It controls the movements of phenomena, which are as precise as the swinging of a pendulum. Water always runs downhill; the apple always drops down and not up from the bough of the tree; the sun always rises in the east, and not in the west, or north, or south. It is the uniformity of the universe which gives argument to the mechanist when he sees its operations to be none other than the operations of a machine, so unvarying they are, and so constant the process of their change.

Lastly, we have discovered today the law of cause and effect. There is an unvarying relationship, at least within the experience of man's life, between natural forces and the results which they produce. Given the vital cause, and there follows an inevitable effect; given a definite effect, and it traces back to an inescapable cause. A pound of energy exerted at one point produces a pound of pressure at another and perhaps distant point. Seed cast into the open furrows in the spring brings forth harvest abundant in the fall. Filth exposed within the homes of men leads to the misery of disease and the mystery of death. The law of cause and effect binds the world together as by some strange chain of mystic necessity. Like woven threads within some intricate design, the forces of the universe hold together in one perfect pattern.

It is this cyclical movement of the universe, this uniformity of cosmic structure and operation, this law of cause and effect in the relations of vital processes, which have

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taught us in these modern times that the universe can be trusted. It holds no place for accident; it recognizes no role for chance. Throughout all the range of energy and matter, the processes of phenomena can be traced, and verified, and even predicted. The cosmos, in other words, is one vast realm of order. It plays the game, as I have said, and, therefore, never betrays its creature, man. Which means that it only remains for us to play the game, according to the rules established, to find this universe a friendly place! For what can be trusted must be friendly. Fidelity and friendship are in essence the same.

(3) This brings me to a third fact which takes us close to the very heart of our inquiry. I have said, first, that the world is not hostile. I have said, secondly, that the universe can be trusted. I would now point out that the universe can be used. By this I mean that it can be made useful to the service of our best interests and desires as human beings. The world, in other words, is amenable to our purposes. It is willing to be subdued to the fulfillment of any reasonable design. It does not resist us, or seek to thwart us or defeat us, but, on the contrary, when properly approached, is glad to give us all the help it can.

This discovery of the coöperative capacity of the world, if I may so describe it, transforms our whole conception of the character of the surrounding cosmos. It shows that whatever is outwardly most terrible can still be made obedient and useful to our wishes if we but learn the habits of its life. Consider the most commonplace elements of the world with which we have to deal! Here, for example, is *fire*. Is there anything more terrifying than fire when it burns and flames of its own free will in some great conflagration? Yet fire, as man has learned to tame it and to use it, is the most beneficent as well as necessary of all the elements of nature. *Water*, when it pounds in giant waves upon the shores of the sea or when it sweeps in floods through stricken areas of land, is next only to fire

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the most terrible of elements. Yet, without water man cannot live! Without water the very earth beneath his feet would be turned into a desert. As with water, so with *air*. The winds of heaven are strong enough to beat down flat to the earth every structure that man can rear. Yet for centuries the winds have turned the arms of windmills and filled the sails of myriad ships on all the seven seas. Like animals long since domesticated, the natural forces of air and earth and sea are today the ministers of man and serve his humblest needs.

May I define all that I mean by the use that can be made of this great universe, by speaking to you a parable? I suppose that if we were asked to name the most inhospitable portions of this earth, we would name first the Arctic regions of the north, and secondly the Antarctic regions of the south. In these vast realms of ice and freezing wind and cruel sea would seem to be hidden all the most dreadful forces of the world. Leashed like wild creatures, these leap upon man whenever he appears and devour him with mad ferocity. Our judgment of these dreadful wastes is confirmed by the repeated experience of hundreds of brave men who have penetrated Arctic and Antarctic fastnesses, only to suffer, or to be beaten back in defeat, or to perish like Franklin in the north and Scott in the south. The history of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, just because men meet and battle with terrors in these regions that are unknown in any other place, has given us the most heroic sagas of the race. But some years ago a modern explorer of the Arctic zone went to these ice fields with a new idea. He knew that animals and birds lived within this territory. He recalled that there were even tribes of men who managed to survive. He had confidence that the Arctic could be subdued to his own purposes, and went there with what seemed to be the mad resolve to live upon the country. The voyages of this heroic man constitute a new and strange chapter in the story of Arctic

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exploration. After years of struggle and adventure Vilhjalmur Stefansson came back to civilization and wrote an immortal book which he significantly entitled, *The Friendly Arctic*. He had found, as the title of his book proclaims, that this region of snow and ice was not hostile to man's need. It did not resist him and beat him down, but, approached with scientific sympathy and understanding and ingenuity, served him and helped him in what he strove to do. The Arctic was friendly to Stefansson because he found and made it friendly.

This brings me close to what is the "center and soul" of all the answer which I would give to this question as to the friendliness of the universe. What are we witnessing through the ages but the accomplishment of man's destiny by his own labor and at his own will? What is our fate in the universe, but the determination of what we shall do with our own hands and minds? We can survive, if we will—the universe will not destroy us! We can flourish, if we dare—the universe will not ruin us! If we would be friendly, the world will help us, by serving obediently the farthest aspirations of our lives. It is true, in other words, just as Robert Louis Stevenson proclaimed, that the "brave man may make out a life that shall be happy for himself and . . . beneficent to those about him."

This does not mean that our destiny is certain. The life of humanity upon this planet may yet come to an end, and a very terrible end. But I would have you notice that this end is threatened in our time not by anything that the universe may do to us, but only by what man may do to himself. There is no peril any more of our being destroyed, but only of our committing suicide. For the world today, as the abode of physical force, has lost its terrors. Man has conquered, or is in the way of conquering, all the dangers and ills that nature may bring against him. We no longer fear the pestilence, for medical science has searched out the causes of diseases and is establishing conditions of

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abundant health. We no longer tremble at the prospect of famine, for the productive capacity of man has transformed the age of deficit into the age of surplus. We no longer fall beneath the blast of the lightning, or the sweep of the storm, or the raging fury of the sea, for we have tamed the elements of earth and air and subdued them to our bidding. If man is to die and disappear from off the earth, it will not be from the havoc of any of these fatalities that the universe may wreak upon him. Rather will it be from the universal waste and devastation of war, which is the work of man's own hand. Here is the one horror we have to fear—here the one destiny we have to avoid! Only this final menace lingers with us—the dark shade upon the far horizon of the “next war”! Man today has armed himself with forces more terrible than any generated by earth or sky. He is actually contemplating the release of these forces in another conflict of arms which may engulf the nations. If these forces, let me say, are once unloosed from the laboratories where they are now being generated and confined, then the world as we know it will disappear as in one vast explosion, and humanity at last be no more upon the earth. But this will be man's work, and not the world's. It is man who will have proved himself to be unfriendly, and not the universe. Our destiny is ours—the world is ready, eager to save us, if only we are willing to be saved.

It is this final consideration which shows that, from the beginning of our discourse, we have been asking the wrong question. Or rather, may I say, the course of our argument has transformed the nature of our inquiry. For ages we have looked at the world and said, “What will the universe do to us?” In answer to this challenge man wrought out a religion adapted to his need. This religion was the religion of prayer and sacrifice and propitiation, the religion of pitiful supplication to pitiless gods, of desperate prostration before unfriendly forces which would

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destroy the race if their favor were not won and held. Under the influence of this religion, man has for centuries stumbled into his churches, and fallen in agony of spirit upon the altar-stairs "sloping through darkness up to God," and there stretched his "lame hands of faith" in hysterical appeal for mercy. And if he has found hope, it is because he has believed, more often than not against the weight of evidence, that his prayers were heard, his sacrifices accepted, his appeals answered.

But now the scene is changed. Our question today is no longer "What will the universe do to us?" but rather the much more direct and decisive challenge, "What shall *we* do to the universe?" It is for us and not for the world to say what is going to happen to mankind. It is we who must act, and the universe which must do our bidding. The question of friendliness, therefore, is no longer a question addressed to the universe, nor yet to God, but a question addressed only to ourselves. We ask—and *we* must answer! Which gives us a new frontage toward the whole problem of life, and the approach, therefore, to a wholly new religion! For no longer do we speak prayers to heedless gods and offer sacrifices to hostile powers. Our faith to-day, if we understand it aright, must be a faith of action, service, and creative effort. The call of the spirit is not to submission and humiliation, but to work and labor and aspiration. The modern worshiper enters the church standing straight and tall, eager in mind and proud in heart, ready to look the whole world in the face, and to do his part as a veritable god himself to make this world to be what it ought to be. Man, that is, is the maker of the future. He it is who is the creator of destiny. Upon him there rests the judgment of all fate.

Our American poet-laureate, Edwin Markham, has caught this humanistic vision and inscribed it in the lovely lines of one of his familiar poems:

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We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

V

THE DILEMMA OF THE MORAL LIFE:

IS THERE ANY WAY OF KNOWING WHAT IS RIGHT?

IN DISCUSSING this question, I shall begin by making certain assumptions which I must insist upon taking for granted as the basis of our inquiry.

First of all, I must assume that the overwhelming majority of people want to do the right, if only they can know what the right may be. It may seem that this is rather a wild assumption, especially in this age when men and women are breaking away from all the ethical standards of the past and living very much as they please. But these persons have broken away from these familiar standards not because they are through with standards as such, but because they think that these particular standards are wrong and that certain other and newer standards are right. Even those who are most freely indulging their impulses and desires justify their conduct upon the plea that we know today that this type of freer, more abundant life is right, whereas the older and more Puritanical type is wrong. Even the person who does wrong, and knows that it is wrong, is vigorous in his contention that at certain times, and under certain conditions, it is right to do wrong. Men are still moving, in other words, on the moral plane.

My second assumption carries us onward to the contention that, as the majority of people want to do the right, so in all conditions in this world there is a right for them

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to do. In saying this I do not have in mind any meta-physical argument for an ultimate reality in the field of ethics. Rather am I referring to the simple and practical fact that every moral difficulty has a moral solution. Through every problem, be it small or be it large, there runs a line of conduct which is right, in contradistinction to every other line of conduct which is wrong. Take any tangle in which we may chance to become engaged, I care not how complex and desperate it may appear, and in it there is a thread, like the thread of Theseus, which may guide us through the labyrinth. It is like these jig-saw puzzles with which we used to be familiar. The one hundred or two hundred pieces of the puzzle lie before us on the table in what seems to be a hopeless confusion. Surely it is impossible that these twisted fragments of color should ever be put together into a single design! But in all this chaos there is order. We may not see it, but the picture is there. So the right is always present for the man who wants to do it.

My third and final assumption is the frank confession that, while there is always a right way out of every problem, it is not given to man easily to find this way. In the experience of man, in other words, there is no absolute or final answer to any question as to what is right. There was a time when men felt very sure about this matter. They looked without themselves, and saw codes of conduct, like the laws of Manu and the commandments of Moses, which were the written testimony of God and of his will for humankind, and thus the divine and infallible record of what we should do, or not do, under all the conditions of our lives. Or they looked within themselves, and discovered a voice of conscience which was the voice of God, and thus a guide through all the twists and turns of moral experience. It was easy to do right in those ancient days, for all we had to do was to obey the law or heed the voice. That was the reason why there were Pharisees upon

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the earth who made it their business to divide the sheep from the goats. But today we are not so sure about this business of right living. These codes of conduct no longer appear to us as revelations of the Most High, but rather as the historical deposits of the practical wisdom of tribes and peoples who lived many centuries ago, and learned things which may have been right for them, but which may not necessarily be right for us. The conscience no longer presents itself to our minds as the voice of God within the soul of man, but as the accumulated pressure of the past upon a spiritual organism which has sprung from out this past. All of which means that we are dealing here not with divine revelation but with human experience! The right is not something miraculously disclosed to us, but something which we must laboriously and uncertainly discover for ourselves. It is the old story of man, with his defective vision and his feeble mind, trying to comprehend the myriad circumstances of this universe. In the last analysis, of course, we can no more be perfectly sure of what is right in the field of ethics than we can be perfectly sure of what is true in the field of knowledge. As much today as ever we confront the challenge of the ages, "Where is the way where light dwelleth?"

This brings us immediately to what I have called "the dilemma of the moral life." We want to do the right; the right is here for us to do; but we cannot be sure of what it is. We want to walk in the right path; the path is here before our feet; but it is hidden from our sight by the tangled undergrowth of the world's ignorance and folly. What are we going to do in such a situation as this? In answer to this question, I beg to submit four propositions which I think it will be well to ponder, and at last to heed.

(1) First, and in a general way, I think we will be wise if we do not wholly neglect the wisdom of the past. In

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saying this, I would lay no superstitious stress upon this wisdom. I certainly would not convey to you the idea that there is any reason for believing that men were necessarily wiser yesterday than they are today. On the contrary, the advantage is all with us, since we have behind us an experience infinitely richer than anything these ancients ever knew. But it is just this experience that I have in mind—the accumulated experience of ages of life upon this planet—when I commend the idea that we should not wantonly neglect the wisdom of the past. For this wisdom is the formulation of truth in so far as man has been able to discover truth in his contacts with reality. It is what man has learned, through millions of years, at a cost of pain and death too terrible to estimate, about the nature of the ultimate with which he has to deal. In this wisdom of many lands and peoples, and of unnumbered centuries of time, we come as near, perhaps, as we are ever destined to come, to the fundamentals of our existence. In the realm of morals, for example, there is the Golden Rule, which appears in one form or another in nearly all the scriptures of the human race. There is the law of love, which is a universal precept of the moral life. There are certain absolute imperatives—that we shall not lie, but tell the truth; that we shall not deceive, but “do things honest in the sight of all men”; that we shall not break a promise or violate a contract, but live up to the utmost obligation of the plighted word—imperatives which have become, through course of time, a strait and narrow path beaten smooth by the feet of loyal men. It is precepts of this type, proved by the experience of the race, made sacred by the sanction of the ages, which are essential guides in all the problems of the moral life. In any situation where we are uncertain as to the right course of action to pursue, I know of nothing better to do, at the very start, than to ask if we are obeying the Golden Rule, if we are faithful to the law of love, if we are conforming to the elemen-

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tary principles of truth and honor. These questions may not give us definite answer in a particular dilemma. We may do unto others exactly as we would have them do unto us, and still be uncertain if we are doing right. But just to think of these high precepts of the moral life, just to try to apply them to the specific conditions of a problem, is to dwell in an atmosphere where clear vision and right purpose are made easy rather than difficult.

The wisdom of the past, however, is more than the wisdom of mass experience. It contains as well the testimony of certain transcendent geniuses of the spirit, whose discoveries have entered into the morals of the race, as the discoveries of great physicists, chemists, and astronomers have entered into its thought. No man would think today of settling any problem of scientific knowledge without considering the works of Aristotle, Copernicus, Galileo, Cuvier, Darwin, Herschel, Faraday, Lord Kelvin. In the same way, and to an even greater degree, should no man think of settling any problem of ethical idealism without considering the works of Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, Spinoza, Pascal, Montaigne, Tolstoy, and especially the great religionists of history. If we would find the right in our moral perplexities, what better thing can we do than saturate ourselves in the teachings of these great masters of the right? I advocate finding out what is right by taking a hero who has done the right and following in his steps. St. Francis was remarkable for his perfect obedience to the example of Jesus Christ. Whenever there arose any question of conduct which he could not answer, the Assisan would ask himself, with entire humility and unfaltering precision, What would Jesus have done in a predicament like this? It is not the least among the services of the Christian church that it has kept alive through all these centuries the personality of the Nazarene, and thus enabled millions of men and women, in the pious spirit of St. Francis, to solve their moral problems by put-

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ting Jesus in their place. I have myself found incalculable help and guidance in recent years in taking Gandhi for my example. If I have been tempted to write an angry letter, I have asked myself, Would Gandhi write such a letter? If I have been irritated by some selfish bore who has stolen my time to serve his own designs and purposes, I have said to myself, How would Gandhi treat this person? If I have found myself perplexed as to what to do in this instance or in that, I have again and again inquired within my heart, What would Gandhi tell me to do if I should ask him? I know of no better way to find the right than to heed the example of the men who have themselves triumphantly lived the right. These are the masters of human living. Why should we not follow them?

But this wisdom of the past is usually general, and not concrete. It gives us the spirit, but seldom the rule. It inspires and purifies us, but not infrequently gives no specific answer to the particular question that is before us. We do not know what Christ would do! We can't imagine what Gandhi would say! Are there not other tests which we may apply to our predicament which are more definite, and thus do not impose such a tax upon the resources of the individual?

(2) This brings me to my second recommendation—that we ask ourselves, whenever we are in doubt, if we are willing that our conduct shall be made known to those whom we love and respect, or to the public at large. This is the test of publicity. If we are willing that everybody shall know what we are doing, then we may be reasonably certain that we are doing right; but if we are reluctant that any information about our conduct shall be spread abroad, then we may be reasonably certain that we are doing wrong. Publicity is the garb of virtue, as secrecy is the cloak of vice.

We have an illustration of this fact today in the investigation, now going forward in this city, into the corruption

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of our municipal administration. Here are a group of men summoned before a grand jury to tell what they have done, or what they know that other men have done, in the trafficking of public office. A few of these men are willing to waive all legal claims to immunity, and tell to the grand jury—or to the general public, for that matter—everything that they know. These men, we immediately assume, are innocent of all offense, for we accept it as a basic principle of life that, if they have nothing to conceal, they have been doing no wrong. On the other hand are the great majority of these suspect officials in New York who are doing everything within their power—hiding behind every technicality, appealing to every legal quibble—to avoid the necessity of opening their mouths and disclosing their knowledge. These men want to keep silent; they are eager to hide themselves away; one of them is so averse to publicity that he has apparently disappeared from the surface of the planet. What may we infer from such conduct as this if not that these men are unwilling to talk for the reason that they know themselves to be guilty of offenses which, because they are offenses, they do not want the rest of us to know? When a thing is wrong, it must be kept secret at any cost.

Now what is true here in our public affairs is true also, I believe, in our personal affairs as individuals. If we would be sure of acting right, then let us be sure that we are doing things we feel no reluctance to disclose to other men. If suddenly we find that we desire to keep our actions secret—to hide from this person or that, or from the public at large, a proper knowledge of our deeds—then may we not be sure, from this one fact alone, that we are doing wrong, even when we think, or pretend to think, that we are doing right? Again and again have I applied this test! A young woman comes to consult me about something that she is doing. "Have you told your mother about this?" is one of my questions. This question

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is not infallible in its disclosures; there may be special and justifiable reasons why a mother should not know about her daughter's life. But nine times out of ten the answer to this question is an honest test as to the right and wrong of the conduct of this girl. A man comes to me to consult with me about his relations with a woman. "Does anybody know about this?" I ask. "Oh, no—not a soul! Why, if I should let this be known, it would wreck my life." Which is all I need to know about the kind of life this man is living, and in his own heart *knows* that he is living! I sit down with myself, and I say, "Are you willing that what you are now proposing to do shall be known to your trustees, to your people, to the public of New York?" If I can say yes, without hesitation, then I feel reasonably sure, other things being equal, that I am contemplating something which is right. I am not ashamed of it, at any rate! But if I find myself hesitating, and pondering, and weighing the pros and cons of this simple question, then I know I am headed wrong, and the sooner I turn around, the better. There is no surer road, in individual as well as in international life, than "open covenants openly arrived at."

So I commend to you this principle of publicity as a means of distinguishing between good and evil. Are you willing to have your conduct known—this letter read in court, this story told to your wife and children, this fact disclosed in the columns of the newspapers? I count this an honest test of virtue. For if we are doing wrong, instinctively we seek the dark; but if we are doing right, as instinctively we seek the light.

(3) This brings me to a third proposition in this matter of knowing what is right in our personal conduct as men and women. I refer to the test of universality—that we ask ourselves, in a dubious contemplation of something that we may want to do, if we would like to have this thing done by everybody as a universal principle of conduct.

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This test is usually associated with Immanuel Kant, who gave it classic expression in his Categorical Imperative—"Act only on that law whereby thou canst at the same time will that it should become a universal law." But Kant was not the first, as he was not the last, to express this idea of universal standards. Mazzini, for example, in his famous treatise on *The Duties of Man*, lays down this maxim: "Ask thyself, as to every act thou committest within the circle of the family or the country, 'if what I now do were done by and for all men, would it be beneficial or injurious to humanity?' And if thy conscience tell thee that it would be injurious, desist, even though it seem that an immediate advantage would be the result. . . ."

The principle here is simple—that we shall test our every action by our willingness to have other men do what we are doing as a universal rule of conduct. If we are willing that everybody shall do what we are doing, then in all probability we are doing something that is right. But if we are not willing that our action shall be adopted as a practice by other persons—if we are arrogating to ourselves some special privilege on a plea of personal advantage or expediency—then in all probability we are doing something that is wrong. If we probe deep into this principle, and use it with utter rigor in its application to our problems of moral conduct, it is amazing to discover what illumination it sheds upon the darkness of our dilemma.

Kant applies it, for example, to the question of suicide. We are debating this question more seriously today, perhaps, than at any other time since the days of the Stoics in ancient Rome. There are many persons of deep knowledge and wide experience who are ready to declare that, under certain circumstances, suicide is justifiable. Dean Inge, for example, the most distinguished of English churchmen, announced not long ago, in a public address, that he be-

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lieved that suicide could no longer be regarded absolutely as a sin. Now if we look into the arguments of these modern proponents of self-annihilation, we shall find invariably that they are speaking from the point of view of the single person who, for reasons good and sufficient to himself, is proposing to destroy his own life. But what about other persons, hundreds and thousands of them, perhaps, who may take example of this suicide? What if the whole race should suddenly say, 'This man is right, and forthwith go and do likewise?' There may be some among us who can regard the universal destruction of humanity with equanimity. But even these would be forced to admit, it seems to me, that such destruction is no more a solution of our problems than the flood of Noah was a solution of Jehovah's problems. We are not correcting life by ending it, nor are we answering the riddle of right and wrong by wiping out the only beings who can read the riddle. What we have here is a perfect illustration of an action, suicide, which may or may not be justifiable from the standpoint of the individual, but which can never under any circumstances be justifiable from the standpoint of the race. "We see at once," says Kant, "that a system of nature of which it would be a law to destroy nature . . . would contradict itself . . . and thus be wholly inconsistent with the supreme principle of all duty."

The same thing applies to what I sometimes regard as the greatest evil of our time—namely, the lawlessness of the present generation. Certainly this is the greatest menace which confronts the people of our own nation. For lawlessness is anarchy—by which is meant the law of the single man. If this single man is living by himself, without any contacts with other men, then it is proper, indeed inevitable, that he should be a law unto himself. But if he is to live with other people, as a member of an organized society, then it is of the first importance that he should subordinate his will to the will of the common whole. For no society

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can endure upon the basis of the law of the single man. Our cities and states can hold together only to the extent that the law of the single man is succeeded by the law of the universal man, under which the obedience of each becomes the liberty of all. It may not do any harm in itself for me to disobey a traffic signal, but what if all men proceed to disobey traffic signals and throw the streets into confusion? It may be a trifling matter for me to ignore the law about sidewalk encumbrances or loud noises at late hours, but it is not a trifling matter for somebody else to ignore the law about arson, forgery, or burglary. I may think it smart to defy the prohibition law against alcoholic liquors, but what do I think when somebody else defies the prohibition law against opium, poisoned food, or white slavery? There is nothing essentially right in doing what we want to do, in satisfaction of our own individual and personal desires. The right begins only when we do what we ought to do in deference to the welfare and safety of all the people. I can conceive only one condition under which it is right to defy the law of the community, and that is when our defiance is dictated by a sense of loyalty to a higher law than any ever enacted by the societies of men. But let us be careful not to confuse this higher law with our own appetites, passions, and private interests.

I commend to you, therefore, the test of universality—that you find the right by asking if you would like to have your conduct become the universal practice of society. It is obvious—is it not?—that this test of universality is a higher and better test than our previous test of publicity. This latter imposes a restriction from without, while the former stirs an impulse from within. In the one case we are thinking of ourselves in relation to other men, while in the other case we are thinking of other men in relation to ourselves. The idea of universality takes us out of ourselves entirely, and directs us to what Mazzini calls the

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only rule of right—that “we ascend to the conception of humanity, in order to ascertain the law of life.”

(4) This leads me to my fourth and last proposition. How may we know the right? By eliminating ourselves—our private interests, our personal desires—from the problem we are considering, and looking at the matter exclusively from the standpoint of others! I venture to assert that no man can ever be sure that he is right in any action until he has canceled from his moral equation every factor that concerns himself as an individual, and then tried to balance the equation with what is left.

There is nothing particularly new about this principle of self-elimination. Jesus certainly was enunciating it in his inimitable way when he spoke those most profound words that ever came from his lips—“Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.” But as there is nothing particularly new about this principle, so there is nothing especially old. Bertrand Russell has this and nothing else in mind when he declares that modern scientists are to be distinguished from all other men as those who “refuse to regard their own desires, tastes and interests as affording a key to the understanding of the world.” Perhaps it is because this principle is so old as well as so new, and so new as well as so old, that Walter Lippmann, who has written the ablest ethical treatise of our time, *A Preface to Morals*, has laid down in that book the fundamental proposition that it is “disinterestedness” that is the secret of all right living. If, in any problem that confronts us for solution, we can get rid of our own desires and interests and fears, if we can look at the question objectively as having nothing whatsoever to do with ourselves, if we can become absolutely disinterested, then and then only can we be reasonably sure of doing right.

It is a mother, I suppose, who in her life with her child approximates most nearly among humans to this ideal of

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"disinterestedness." This is the reason, undoubtedly, why Friedrich Nietzsche, desiring to find some final law of right, declared in his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*—"That your self be in your action as a mother in her child, that shall be your word of virtue."

Such are the answers which I offer to our question as to how we may know what is right.

First, pay reverent heed to the wisdom of the ages, more especially as it has been authenticated and glorified by the great masters of right living.

Secondly, live in the open—do only what you are willing should be done "in the sight of all men."

Thirdly, live in humanity—do only what you are willing that all men should do as a universal rule of conduct.

Lastly, eliminate yourself, and act only from disinterested motives.

In the Chinese scriptures, attributed to Buddha, appears the following:

"The man who, travelling along a precipitous road, doubts whether he can proceed or not, is like the man who, living in the midst of the realities of life, doubts of their truth.

"Because he wavers, he cannot diligently inquire after the true marks of that which is.

"There will be doubts as long as we reside in the world; yet, pursuing with joy the road of virtue, we ought, like the man who observes the rugged path along the precipice, gladly and profitably to follow it."

VI

IS THERE A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS?

"Is THERE a right to happiness?"—We do not question this right today, any more than we question the right to life and the right to liberty. Certain things are elementary to existence, and this is one of them. But what do we mean by happiness? Do we mean the happiness of our lower nature or of our higher—the happiness of satisfying the hunger for sex, for example, or the happiness of satisfying the hunger for knowledge? We have a right to both of these, without any doubt, but as a matter of fact we cannot have both without interference and conflict. And whose happiness are we talking about—the happiness of ourselves or the happiness of others? The happiness of ourselves, you may assert; but experience shows that the happiness of ourselves cannot be had without the happiness of others, and that, paradoxical as it may sound, we have to sacrifice our happiness in order to have any happiness that is worth having. There is more in this question than appears upon the surface. We are wrestling with a problem more difficult and tangled than is dreamed of in the philosophy of many of our contemporary thinkers. Not at all with the idea of disputing the concept of the right to happiness, but definitely with the idea of showing, if I can, what is involved in the conditions of this concept, and to what strange and unexpected issues it may lead, I venture to present not some arguments but some questions, suggested by what I have just been saying, which go straight to the heart of the situation.

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First of all, I want to ask, as a kind of challenge to the hedonistic position as stated by the more or less popular advocates of our time, how we can enjoy, and why we should want to enjoy, happiness in a world as badly organized and as brutally conducted as this world in which we live. How is it humanly possible to be interested in seeking joy, much less in finding it and possessing it, when the great majority of men are denied even the pleasures of an animal—the pleasures of an easy, unhindered, natural, normal, and abundant physical existence—to say nothing of those higher pleasures which are peculiarly the privilege of humankind? The very insistence of our assertion, in other words, that every man has a right to happiness, makes it inevitable, it seems to me, that we ourselves should be unhappy until that right is recognized and vindicated not only for ourselves but for all the multitudinous members of the human race.

In saying this, I do not mean to imply that we should put on mourning, sing dirges as our only songs, wear long faces as though we were attending a perpetual funeral. I do not mean that we should close our eyes to the beauties of nature and our hearts to the raptures of friendship, and thus wantonly deny ourselves the enjoyment of such good and lovely things as time may offer. I see no reason why we should not take in innocence such joys as come our way, and, as Stevenson puts it, "go blithely on our business all (the) day." I believe in "courage and gaiety and the quiet mind," to quote Stevenson again, and thus have no use for pessimism. A stout heart and a smiling face are gifts we owe to one another, all the more if the way is hard and the burden heavy. When I raise the question as to whether we are spiritually able to be happy in the present world, I am simply protesting against the idea that happiness should be the aim or the satisfaction of any man at a time when children labor, when workers starve, when age is neglected and weakness penalized, when "the de-

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struction of the poor is their poverty," when the pastime of the nations is war.

The great Voltaire, known as the "laughing philosopher," very largely on the principle, I imagine, of Byron's Don Juan, who carefully explained,—

. . . if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep—

this "laughing philosopher" pointed the way to what I have in mind in the last great crisis of his life. A series of monstrous persecutions in 1761, 1762, and 1765 stirred Voltaire to a perfect tempest of fury against the church and the state and all the cruel society of his day. When d'Alembert, outraged and disgusted, and also despairing, wrote Voltaire that henceforth he would merely mock at everything, the great man replied, "This is no time for jesting; wit does not harmonize with massacres." For the first time in his life, we are told, Voltaire put off the mask of mockery himself, and became a deadly serious man. Year after year he fought oppression, resisted tyranny, denounced injustice and the sword. It was when the battle was over and the victory won that Voltaire, in his great old age, looked back upon those days of combat and terror, and wrote the ever memorable words, "During that time not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it as for a crime."

This is what I have in mind when I raise the question as to whether any man is or ought to be happy in a world which denies to the masses of men not only this right of happiness itself, but every other elemental right which properly belongs to humankind. There is something indeed criminal, as we would recognize if we were as sensitive as Voltaire, in the light-heartedness with which people seek their pleasures amid the mounting injustices and abominations of modern life. Mr. H. G. Wells has recently been writing about Europe and the menace of war upon that

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continent within a comparatively few years. He draws a picture of what he saw at a certain watering-place in England, as over against the dark background of this indescribable horror:

"The other day," is his account, "my wife and I were sitting on the lawn of a pleasant seaside hotel. Charming young people in pretty wraps raced down to the water to bathe; others came chatting from the tennis-courts. The sea-front below was populous with a happy crowd; the sands gay with children. The faint sounds of a distant band on the pier were punctuated rather quaintly by practice gunfire from a distant fort. About us, in chairs of the most comfortable sort, sat the mature and prosperous, smiling pleasantly at the three military aeroplanes that manœuvred overhead. . . . Across the trim turf came a group of military officers, discussing some oafish idea of a landing, of 'operations' and so forth, and casting no shadow at all upon the smiling people about them. Just the same fine sort of fellows, they were, as sent hundreds of thousands of Englishmen to cruel and useless deaths in France."

This scene stirred Mr. Wells to anger, as such a scene of ease and idleness, and happiness, in such a world of danger and death, has more than once, I imagine, stirred every one of us to anger. How do these people dare to be so happy, when millions are in the toils of unremitting labor today, as the same millions will be in the toils of bloody fighting and dying tomorrow? "This is no time for jesting; wit does not harmonize with massacres!" To smile in such an age, as Voltaire said, is something of a "crime." Yet we have only to remember that these happy people, who were seen by Mr. Wells, would themselves be among the first to die, that "of the hundreds of people in sight then, many scores (would) certainly be killed in horrible ways if war (came) in the next twenty years . . . many more crippled; most perhaps impoverished," we have only to remember this, I say, to understand that these people

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are thus indifferent not because they are criminal, but only because they are ignorant. "They weren't worrying," says Mr. Wells. "They weren't taking life as seriously as that." To which we add that they "weren't worrying" and were thus happy, because they did not know enough to be anything else! John Ruskin emphasizes this point in a wonderful passage in his famous book, *Unto This Last*. He speaks of the horrid discrepancy between wealth and poverty, between the comfort bred by luxury and the misery bred by dearth. Not one of us, he says, could enjoy or even "desire" luxury, "if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it."—"The cruelest man living," he adds, "could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold."—Blindfolded by absence of imagination, absence of sympathy, absence of understanding, but most of all, by absence of knowledge! He does not know, this man at the feast, the sweat and the tears that have gone into the making of his meal. Ignorance is at the bottom of the happiness with which men easily live while the world still reeks with misery and death. But whether ignorance, or indifference, or sheer wickedness, as Voltaire intimated, the situation is the same and the challenge is as terrible. Even though we have the physical right to possess happiness, have we the moral right to enjoy it, freely, easily, contentedly, in the world as it now exists? Ruskin, following out the statement I have just been quoting, answers, *Nol*. We must "raise the veil boldly, (and) face the light." We must see the reality of life, though we never know another happy moment. "If as yet," he says, "the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom. . . ."

But if we may not enjoy happiness in the present world, with however good a right to it, what may we do with happiness? Some of us are born happy, or we meet the conditions of happiness in spite of ourselves. What shall

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be our principle of life, our motive of endeavor? This brings me to the second proposition, or question, that I want to submit to you. What, I ask, is happiness for ourselves but a thing to be used for the happiness of others? What is the exercise of any right but an opportunity to win the same right for those who are denied it? What is life itself but a thing to be thrown away in the service of that greater life which is Humanity and God?

This idea that a right is something not to be enjoyed but to be used was set forth with unforgettable emphasis and impressiveness by the writers of that immortal document, the American Declaration of Independence. In the opening paragraph of that instrument, the revolutionary fathers laid down the doctrine of human rights. "All men are created equal," they said, "and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, (and) among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Then they went on, these fathers, to describe the world in which they were living—the oppressions of government, the tyranny of kings, the injustice and terror of the times. In such a world, these rights of which the fathers spoke were not merely goods to be sought, possessions to be enjoyed, but instruments to be used. What rights we have, was their idea, we must sacrifice, if necessary, that other men may have these rights as well. And so these heroic men, who began their Declaration with an assertion of right, ended this same document with a solemn oath of consecration. "For the support of this Declaration," they wrote, "and with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

This idea that rights are not ends in themselves but means to the attainment of other ends, not things to be enjoyed by ourselves but sacrificed for others, this is a challenge which speaks with authority to every sensitive and honorable soul. The right to life, for example, is a

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thing that is precious. In our early years it is precious because we can enjoy life so much; in our later years it is precious because we can use life so well. But for all its joys, we do not keep it, if by losing it we can serve some high and noble purpose. I suppose that life was as good a thing to Dr. Walter Reed and the officers and men who joined with him in the great yellow fever investigation in Cuba in 1900, as it is to you and me. Those soldiers had good health, official position, wives and families, all the things that make life to be very beautiful and very precious. But they saw a chance to use their lives in a way which might better humanity not only today but forever in the future. They might conquer yellow fever by finding its cause. By losing their own lives, they might win life for other men. So they deliberately breathed infected air, slept in infected beds, let themselves be bitten by infected mosquitoes. It was a gamble which cost some of these men their lives, the rest of them their happiness and health—and incidentally made an end to the dread disease which had been ravaging the race for centuries. What was the right of life to these men but the right to die that other men might live?

So with the right to liberty, one of the most precious of all human rights! Is anything more curious, or more impressive, than the fact that it is the love of liberty that has cost more men their own personal liberty than any other cause that could be mentioned? I suppose this liberty was as precious to 'Gene Debs in 1918 as to any other man in these United States. He was honored and beloved by millions of his fellow citizens; he had a home that he loved and a wife whom he adored; he was broken in health, and needed the little comforts and attentions that mark so often the difference between happiness and misery, sometimes between life and death; above all, he was old, and thus in those dreadful days of conscription and oppression he was safe from interference. All 'Gene Debs

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had to do, in 1918, was to shut his eyes, and enjoy quietly and contentedly that inalienable right of liberty which was his in this country even as a pacifist and Socialist in time of war. But Debs saw conscientious young men, who would not fight, dragged off to imprisonment and torture. He saw honorable citizens, guilty of nothing but the exercise of their constitutional rights of free speech and free press, arrested and tried and thrust away behind the bars. He saw the poor and the weak, the alien and the outcast, driven and harried and oppressed. And the sick old lion shook his mane, and came out of his den, and he said, "While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free." And they arrested him, this lover of liberty, and put him away in Atlanta jail, where they broke him, so that he died before his time. What was the right of liberty to Debs but the right to go to prison for other men?

As with life and liberty, so also with happiness! I have questioned the right of a man to be happy in the present unhappy world. If there is any justification for such happiness, it is to be found in the use that we can make of it in the service of other and miserable men. The sources of happiness are obvious—a healthy body, an alert and educated mind, a temperate spirit, love of nature, love of friends, good reputation, human intercourse, and adequate economic independence. To many of us these sources are open, and happiness comes to us like a river to the sea. We do not have to hunt for happiness; we simply receive it and enjoy it. But this is not enough! This very happiness which is ours may become in the end our moral ruin. For such happiness must be used. Like water, it must move, lest it become stagnant and poisonous. Our health, our education, our money, our reputation, our love—these are only so many instruments, to be drawn, like shining swords, in the battle for mankind. And if we perish in the fight, if our happiness is destroyed like a broken sword

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in our use of it for other men, then have we attained that new and strange and terrible but only true happiness, which is sanctification "for others' sakes." "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake," said Jesus, "shall find it." Such sacrifice may not be happiness in the ordinary acceptation of the word. But such sacrifice is blessedness. And it is the "blessed," if the Beatitudes can be trusted, who "rejoice, and (are) exceeding glad."

This introduces my third and final word, which will bring us face to face with that problem of marriage which is being so much discussed in our day. I use marriage in this connection as a kind of parable of life and its problem of happiness.

In Count Keyserling's examination of the marriage problem, in his *Book of Marriage*, he presents as the heart of his argument the one most profound and original contribution to the subject that I have seen. He says that most of our difficulty in understanding the problem of marriage, and by all means most of our difficulty in living successfully through the experience of marriage, springs from the fact that we persist in thinking of marriage in terms of happiness. On the contrary, he declares, "Marriage is not by nature a condition of happiness, but a tragic one." It is tragic not because it is evil, or cruel, or destructive, but because it involves a conflict, or tension, of adjustment between two lives which are seeking to be one. For this conflict, or tension, there is no perfect and final solution; and thus in marriage, as in life itself, there is a suffering, frequently a "frustration," as Felix Adler would put it, which is a part of the very process. To expect happiness in marriage as a gift, to demand happiness in marriage as a right, is to prepare the way for certain disappointment. For happiness is not something conferred at the start, but something earned, if it is earned, at the end. "Happiness

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comes only from a sense of achievement," says Keyserling. But achievement in marriage comes only from accepting marriage for what it is—a struggle for adjustment, an experiment in unselfishness, an adventure in mutual and self-sacrificing love, a discipline in patience, kindness, sympathy, renunciation, and utter devotion not to oneself but to another. In such an endeavor the desire for happiness, much more the right to happiness, can have no place. Happiness, if it comes, will come as the reward of our fidelity to the task of wedded love. And if it does not come, then we shall know that even unhappiness cannot rob our high endeavor of its significance and value. "In so-called happy marriages," says Keyserling again, "the problem of happiness is not solved, in the usual sense of the word, but properly speaking dismissed. Dismissed, inasmuch as it is now accepted as a part of the tragedy of life."

It is this identification of marriage with life, and of life with tragedy, which brings me to my final word in regard to this question of happiness. What is fundamentally wrong with the person who is interested in asserting his right to happiness? Not his assertion of this right, which is perfectly sound, but his interpretation of life in terms of an experience which makes this assertion to be a matter of any considerable importance. What I mean to convey is the idea that happiness at bottom is not involved in life at all, and is not to be expected there or sought there, except as an incidental accompaniment of other things far greater than itself. Life, like marriage, can never be understood, and certainly can never be successfully and worthily lived, unless it is seen to be in essence the conflict which Keyserling describes so vividly. What we have in this life of ours is a problem in relationships and adjustments. A myriad organisms of conscious life are struggling for existence; therefore, for adaptation to one another. This

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means conflict as the very essence of the process; conflict means suffering, as well as joy; and suffering means the willingness to endure and "carry on" for the sake of life itself. Only he who "accepts suffering from the outset," says Keyserling, "places himself in the very center of the meaning of life. For him there is a stage beyond joy and suffering, in the same sense as melody is a stage beyond . . . the single notes." To the man who really understands the nature of life, in other words, happiness does not count. It is not a thing sought, or expected, or desired. Certainly not a thing claimed as a right! Happiness is simply a thing "dismissed," to use Count Keyserling's word—"dismissed" as unimportant and non-essential to the reality of being. If we seek for joy as the end and aim of our existence, or even as the recompense or reward of suffering, we must expect to be disappointed. It is our job to plunge into the heart of life, whatever the consequences, that we may fulfill the best that is within us, realize our part in the cosmic process, and thus "take upon (ourselves)," to quote Keyserling again, "a cosmic destiny." If happiness comes, well and good—we are fortunate; if happiness does not come, well and good also—we may be patient. In either case we will keep on living faithfully unto the end, finding happiness at last, perhaps, because we have transcended happiness.

Do you remember how Ulysses, in Tennyson's poem, revolved against the easy happiness of his life in Ithaca, after his return from

. . . the ringing plains of windy Troy?

He was happy—but unhappy!

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As tho' to breathe were life.

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No—he must be out upon the deep again! This, of course, meant peril, suffering, perhaps death.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
he cried. But what of it? Life is not ease, or comfort, or safety, or happiness. It is a battle with sea and land, and with men—it is the struggle for “a newer world”—it is the call

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

It is to this interpretation of life, not as happiness to be lightly enjoyed but as conflict to be heroically waged, that I come as the culmination of my argument. At the start of my challenge to the pleasure-seekers was my question as to whether anybody ought to be happy in a world where so many are unhappy. Next, in the progress of my thought, came the question as to what happiness is for if not to be used, like liberty and life itself, for higher ends which may involve its own destruction. Lastly is this challenge of life as a struggle toward some great goal we know not of. Who would think of happiness in the heat of such a struggle? We are made for higher aims; we are pledged to vaster destinies. And so, the miracle! That we find the boon of happiness just at the moment and to the extent that we are willing to forego it!

George Eliot states the truth in her great novel *Romola*, which tells the tale of Tito, the man who knew his right to happiness, and took it when and where he pleased. In the “Epilogue” of the book, the great writer philosophizes upon the lesson of such a life, and comes near to the witness of religion when she says:

“It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness . . . by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings

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so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. . . . (A man must) give up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and get strength to endure what is hard and painful . . . if (he would) act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within (our) reach."

VII

THE CONQUEST OF FEAR

IN CONSIDERING the subject which is before us, I would emphasize first of all the very considerable success man has achieved in this business of conquering fear. Think of the circumstances of our modern life as compared with those of the primitive man, who moved in a state of constant terror. This man lived in caves which were dark with hidden shadows; he roved in forests or over plains which were infested with wild animals; he fled before the blast of storms which threatened momentarily to destroy him. What wonder that he conceived the universe as hostile, and all its forces as demons, or spirits of evil! So great was this fear of primitive man, so universal a factor in his experience, that many scholars have declared that in this phenomenon is to be found the origin of religion. It was in his search for protection from danger, in his quest of spells or incantations which would drive away or overmaster the powers of evil, that man developed the familiar processes of the spirit.

That religion brought man comfort and reassurance is not to be denied. It made it possible for him to live in a world which for centuries he was quite unable to subdue. In any enumeration of the influences which have tempered fear within the human heart, religion must have its conspicuous and honorable place. Yet religion, in conquering old terrors, brought new terrors of its own. If it delivered man from the evils of this present world, it handed him over to still greater evils in the world to come. It intro-

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duced him, in other words, to the conception of hell; and of all the imaginings that have ever beset the human mind, I know of none which has worked such a havoc of dismay as this dreadful dogma. How many minds have been crazed by it, we do not know; how widespread and deep-rooted is the misery of its planting, we cannot guess. But we catch at least a glimpse of what has happened in the tragic experience of a sensitive soul like William Cowper, the English poet, who was driven into periodical fits of insanity by his fear of the horrors which might be awaiting him in the world to come. In the end he was driven permanently into the shadow by his obsession—to quote his most recent biographer—that “the demons of hell were going to carry him off like Faustus, while he was yet alive.”

It is not religion that has conquered fear so much as science. For science has conquered ignorance, which accounts for more of the terrors of the human heart than any other one source of which I can think. If primitive man was afraid, it was because he did not know. He feared the dark, because he did not know what it might conceal. He walked abroad with trepidation, because he did not know what strange beast or stranger man might leap upon him. He cowered beneath the storm, because he did not know what forces of evil might be seeking his destruction. He peopled the horizons of the sea with mighty monsters, because he did not know the farther seas and hidden continents which lay beyond. But science now has explored the world, dispelled the shadows, exposed all secrets to the light of day. Science has done two things for modern man. In the first place, it has discovered the forces which are operating in the world, and learned the laws to which these forces are subdued. When we meet the storm, or hear the thunder, or see a falling star, we recognize what is happening, and why and how. In the second place, science has taught man to adapt himself to the operation of these

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forces, and equipped him with instruments for their control. The lightning-rod diverts the lightning, the incandescent lamp dispels the dark, the steamship rides the waves and conquers the hurricane. We are no longer ignorant, in other words, of the meaning of phenomena, or of what we may do to avoid the disastrous consequences of phenomena. In both respects science has given us knowledge, and therewith has conquered fear.

But always there will remain, I imagine, the instinct of fear itself. We may conquer this fear, and that; we may rid the mind of a host of terrors, as Jesus rid the man possessed of a legion of devils. But still we shall feel that sensation of alarm, that subconscious sensitivity to surprise, which is inherent in the nature of a being who lives in a world which is vaster than he can know and greater than he can control. The universe, so stupendous it is, must ever at intervals astonish man, and baffle him, and defeat him, and destroy him. And as long as that overbalance of power remains on the side of the world as against the frail creature who inhabits the world, there must be fear, or the readiness to fear, within his heart. This is perhaps a protective device of nature, to enable man to survive in a universe so much more potent than himself. But if fear cannot wholly be conquered, it may be tamed. If it cannot be utterly destroyed, it may be kept within bounds. Our practical problem is perhaps not so much that of getting rid of fear as of getting rid of the tortures and torments that accompany fear. How can we live with fear, granted we cannot subdue it altogether, and make it sane and sensible, a source of alertness and not of alarm, a quiescent rather than an active force within our hearts?

In answer to this inquiry, I venture now some suggestions—certain rules of conduct, so to speak!—which may be helpful in this business of taming fear.

(1) First, I emphasize the factor of physical health. Other things being equal, it is the well man and not the

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weak man, the vital and not the anæmic individual, who is delivered of fear. A proof of this is to be found in the simple fact that our courage is usually at its lowest ebb at that moment of the day when our vitality is at its lowest ebb. Just as most people die at the "zero hour," three or four o'clock in the morning, so most people are most afraid at this same hour. And the fear springs not from the darkness, primarily, but from the low vitality of the body—the slow beating of the heart, the sluggish flowing of the blood, the low level of active thought. Shall I ever forget my experience of falling ill in Russia? We had left Moscow in the early afternoon on a six-hundred mile trip to the farms, where we were to remain for four days. In the evening I was suddenly stricken with chills and fever. At first I was in good spirits, and chatted merrily with my companions. But one by one they dropped off to sleep, and I was left alone with darkness and the moving train. By midnight I was beginning to feel a little glum. At one o'clock I was wondering how it felt to die in a foreign land. At two o'clock I was planning my burial between the furrows of the wheat. At three o'clock I was miserably speculating as to how and when my wife would receive the news. At four o'clock I was pretty certain I was not going to live until the morning. Yet when the morning came, I was as brave as any man, and laughing at the idea that I was ill. This is a perfect example of the relation between vitality and fear. If you would conquer fear, be careful to lay the foundation of your courage in physical health.

(2) Secondly, I would emphasize spiritual health—by which I mean specifically in this case a humble spirit. For it is only the modest man who may be said to have a sound spirit within his breast, and only the modest man who may be indifferent to the menaces of fear. If we are proud and haughty, and think ourselves to be precious in the sight of men, then are we certain to be victims of appre-

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hension. We are like the man who carries much money in his pocket, or rich jewels upon his person, and is constantly in fear of being robbed. The poor man has no such fear, nor the man who takes no delight in displaying wealth. So with the man who regards himself as of no particular importance in this vast universe of time and space! It is only the man who has an exaggerated sense of his own importance, and thus turns in upon himself and centers all attention upon his own personality, who has fear that he may suffer injury from the world.

We see this definitely in the case of persons who suffer from some depressive form of ego-mania. This affliction frequently develops a persecution complex. The victim comes to you, in a pitiful state of terror, and tells you that he is being watched by spies, or that his food is being poisoned, or that persons of the opposite sex are making indecent advances. There is nothing the matter with this victim, of course, but an inner development of egoism, usually built up unconsciously as a defense-mechanism against disappointment and frustration, which misleads the person into believing that everything that happens—or does not happen, for that matter!—is directed against himself. All he needs to be told is that he is a person of no importance, that the world is too busy to pursue him or to poison him, that nobody is paying any more attention to him than to the lamp-post on the corner. But this is the very thing which this unhappy victim is unable or unwilling to believe. He cherishes his illusion of grandeur, and thus is driven into his hysteria of fear. But what such a person cannot see in his perverted state of mind, we certainly can see in our normal state of mind. If we would conquer fear, we must attain humility. Our business is to be quiet, modest, unassuming, making no claims upon the world, and thus fearing no reprisals from the world. The injunction of the Apostle is sound—"not to think of (our-

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selves) more highly than (we) ought to think, but to think soberly. . . ." This is the way to peace.

(3) Thirdly, if you would conquer fear, have a great love for some person other than yourself. For to love another is to forget oneself, and thus to be indifferent to what affects oneself. We see this most impressively in the case of a mother, who is absolutely fearless in every relation with her offspring. She will face disease without a tremor, rush into danger without a thought of prudence, hazard her life with a glad abandon, all for the love of the child whom she has brought into the world. The same thing holds of any great and consuming love as between husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend, even master and servant. Do you remember the great trial scene in Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley*—as great a scene as Shakespeare ever wrote!—in which the Highland chieftain, Fergus Mac-Ivor, is condemned to death for the crime of treason against his sovereign, King George? It is after the judge has put on "the fatal cap of judgment," that Evan Maccombich, one of Fergus's retainers, rises up in the court, and asks to be heard. When given permission he addresses the judge:

"'I was on'y gangin' to say, my lord, . . . that if your excellent Honor and the honorable court would let Vich Ian Vohr gae free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no' trouble King George's government again, on'y six of the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if ye'll just let me gae doon to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysel', to head or hang, and ye may begin wi' me the very first man.'"

There was a ripple of laughter through the court at this Quixotic suggestion. Whereupon the clansman turned to the spectators, and he said:

"'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life, or the life of six of my

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degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honor of a gentleman."

Here was a humble clansman, whose love for his chief moved him to look into the face of death without a tremor. This is the miracle of love. For "there is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear. . . . He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

(4) This brings me to a fourth suggestion—that, if you would conquer fear, you may well give yourself not only in love to some person but in loyalty to some cause. To have a purpose in life—a work to do, a goal to seek, an ideal to serve—which is to you the greatest thing in all the world, and therefore more precious than life itself, this is to banish fear at once from out the heart. What else can explain the sublime heroism of the saints and martyrs, who have endured imprisonment, suffered torment, faced agonizing death at the stake or on the gibbet, if not the absorption of these men in the mission to which they had resolutely dedicated the service of their days?

But we do not have to go into the past for instances of this kind. Only recently there came a remarkable story out of Boston about a Jewish medical student who had died in that city in his twenty-fourth year. Early in his career as a student, he had been told that he was afflicted with an incurable disease, that he would live only a short time, and that his passing would be accompanied by excruciating pain. Most of us, had we received this news, would have dropped our studies, and enjoyed the little time that still remained. Some of us might well have considered suicide. All of us might have been terribly frightened. But this student was simply interested. Medical studies were his passion. Here was an incurable disease fastened upon his bones. Had anybody ever studied this

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disease from the inside? If every step in its development was watched and recorded, might not some cure perhaps be made available? Here was a chance, a happy chance, a God-given chance, to serve the cause of medicine. So this young man set himself to the task of studying his own disease. Steadily the footsteps of death approached his threshold; more and more painful every day became the sensations of the flesh. But he only watched and waited, and recorded; every hour there was a temperature reading to take, a blood pressure to measure, a twinge of agony to locate and describe. At last there came the end—and beside his body were found the hundreds of pages of a diary which told for the first time the inside story of this disease! This young man had known fear, without a doubt—and disappointment, and grief, and agony. But he had conquered them all by the dedication of his waning powers to the service of a great cause for humankind.

(5) A fifth rule for the conquest of fear is to live in the spirit, and therewith to practice virtue. Most of us are fleshly beings. We live in the world of physical sensations and material objects. But this is the very world in which we can be most easily reached and injured. We delight in the body—but the body can fall sick, and be wounded, and suffer pain, and grow old, and in the end must die. We cling to money—but money can be stolen, or lose its value, or swiftly disappear. We spend a lifetime perhaps in accumulating property—but property can be dissipated, and destroyed, and finally at death must be altogether surrendered. What wonder that, in such a world, we are unhappy and most of the time consumed with fear? But this world is not our only world, or our appropriate world. Just because we are men, there is another world which is wide open to us, if only we will enter in. This is the world which we call, for lack of a better word, the world of the spirit. It is the world of affections and loyalties, of intellectual pursuits and moral purposes, of

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dreams and visions and ideals, of devotion and sacrifice and virtue. All men, as I have said, can enter into this world. The best men have not only entered there, but always lived there; and there they have found their peace. For in this realm of the spirit, which is none other than the reality of their own true and essential selves, they have found themselves immune to all the ills that flesh is heir to.

It was this recognition of the spirit of man as contrasted with his body, of this inner will as set over against the outer world, which made the Stoics such unconquerable masters of their fate. "What must a man have ready to help him in emergencies?" asks Epictetus. "Surely this: he must ask himself, 'What is mine, and what is not mine' . . . I must be imprisoned. But must I complain as well? I must suffer exile. Can any one there hinder me from going with a smile, and a good courage, and at peace?"

"But I will chain you."

"What say you, fellow? Chain me? My leg you will chain; but my will—not even Zeus can conquer that."

"I will imprison you."

"My bit of a body, you mean. . . ."

"Here you see," continues Epictetus, "the result of training as training should be, of the will to get and the will to avoid, so disciplined that nothing can hinder or frustrate them. . . . Cleanse your own heart, cast out from your mind pain, desire, envy, ill-will, avarice, cowardice, passion uncontrolled. . . . Then who shall hinder you, who compel you? You will be as free as Zeus himself."

(6) This brings me to my final rule for the conquest of fear. I have said that we should remember the spirit, and live in the spirit. But the spirit dwells not merely in ourselves but in the universe. There is a universal Spirit, in other words, which is related to our spirits as a torch is related to the candles which it kindles. We flow from the eternal source; we are a part of the infinite whole.

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What we are, the universe is; whence we came, the universe remains. "We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles," says Emerson. "Meantime within man is the soul of the whole, the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related, the eternal One." This is God, to use the familiar language of theology. And if we trust ourselves, our souls, to protect us from the ills of life, why should we not trust this God, this Over-Soul, who is "not far from every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being"?

It is this universal viewpoint, this discovery of God as man's own Over-Soul, which takes away the sources of our fear. For now we know, as the primitive man could never know, that the world is not hostile to us, least of all bent upon our destruction. There is no need, therefore, of appeal or propitiation, or humiliation, or any purchase of protection. There is need only of understanding, and co-operation, and achievement. For this world as in essence ourselves, our larger self, the "deep power in which we exist," the dark spring from which we flow, the secret of our wills, the goal of our far purposes, this world is friendly. There is no fear, therefore, that can possess our hearts. We are sustained beneath by foundations that cannot be shaken. We are compassed around by forces that we can control and use. We are lifted up, as though by divine attraction; helped, as though by divine assistance. So far from feeling afraid of anything in this life, we should be glad of everything. In place of fear, there must come not merely patience and steadfastness, but joy. For the world is on our side. The stars are fighting for us. "The earth is the Lord's . . . the world, and they that dwell therein."

These are the answers I would give to the question of fear. They all come down to the same thing in the end—the assurance of God, and of his high purposes for men.

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It matters not whether it be an elementary thing like physical health, or a modest spirit, or a rare and beautiful thing like friendship, or a holy cause, or a sense of the soul and God, all these point to certain mystical forces of unending life which sustain and save mankind. Poets have felt this truth, prophets proclaimed it, saints lived it. But the plainest evidence has come from simple men as they have struggled with disaster and walked with death. It is as though God revealed himself when he was needed most.

In all the annals of human achievement I know of no exploit so glorified by the conquest of fear by courage, as the last march of Captain Robert Scott and his companions through the wintry waste of the Antarctic. These men, as you know, after a struggle which tested every nerve and tasted every agony, perished on their way back from the South Pole in 1912. One of the men who died with Scott was a physician, Dr. Edward A. Wilson. On this dreadful journey, Dr. Wilson wrote some lines as though in answer to the question as to how they did it. How did they conquer the great ice barrier? How did they achieve the Pole through every misery of weariness and cold? How did they endure, unbeaten and unafraid, till death at last was kind? Here are the lines which tell the tale:

The Silence was deep with a breath like sleep
As our sledge-runners slid in the snow;
But the fate-full fall of our fur-clad feet
Struck mute like a silent blow
On a questioning "Hush?" as the settling crust
Shrank shivering over the floe.
And a voice that was thick from a soul that seemed sick
Came back from the Barrier:—"Go!
For the secrets hidden are all forbidden
Till God means man to know."

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And this was the thought that the silence wrought,
As it scorched and froze us through—

*That we were the men God meant should know
The heart of the Barrier snow,—**

* From Scott's *Last Expedition*, Vol. II, p. 15.—Quoted by Justin Wroe Nixon, in *The Moral Crisis in Christianity*.

VIII

SEX: ARE THERE ANY STANDARDS?

IN CONSIDERING this question as to whether there are standards which we can follow in the field of sex, I would first of all indicate, with all possible definiteness, the limits within which I propose to conduct our inquiry. For there are two aspects of this question upon which we can all agree, two dangers which we would all avoid, two limits of conduct beyond which no one of us would pass.

On the one hand, there is the life of license, or promiscuity between the sexes. I am going to assume without argument that this life is as unsatisfactory to you as it is to me for one reason, if for no other—that it is a life of moral anarchy, and therefore recognizes no standards of any kind. I am assuming, in other words, that in our search for standards, we are agreeing that there are standards. It is the existence of standards, as I hope to show before I get through, that differentiates the life of the human from the life of the animal, and makes a man, therefore, to be a *man*. It is entirely possible, of course, to live our lives freely and openly on the plane of indiscriminate and uncalculating physical indulgence—to live, in other words, as the cats live in the backyard, or the dogs upon the streets. And many there are, probably, who conduct their sexual lives upon this basis. But this is not human living—and it is not a solution but an abandonment of our problem. What is glorious about humanity is its endeavor to understand its life, and to establish standards for its operation. Our standard of sex in this age seems

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to be going to pieces. Our code of conduct seems in many ways to be not only unwise but unrighteous. Mr. H. G. Wells is right when he says—"The manners and morals, the laws and arrangements between the sexes today, the expectations which people have and the rights they claim in love and marriage, constitute now a vast, dangerous, unhappy conflict and confusion. (We have) ceased to follow a code or system. It is like a panic or a débâcle." But this does not mean that we are going to yield ourselves to the panic. We are not going to rush away like a herd of animals into the jungle, and live like animals—still less like the Gadarene swine, and perish entirely. When a panic takes place, we try to stop it as something disgraceful as well as dangerous. We try desperately to restore order, and thus bring some system into the confusion and conflict which prevail. And this is exactly what we have to do in the field of sex today. If our old code has broken down, we must write a new code. If our old standards have gone, we must find other standards to take their place. To this, I assume, we all agree. Therefore I eliminate the discussion of license, or promiscuity, as one of the limits beyond which we do not propose to pass.

The second limit within which I propose to operate is marked by the idea of asceticism, which would repress the life of sex, or eliminate it altogether. Of course, asceticism has an explanation, if not a justification. Emerson says that "the preservation of the species was a point of such necessity that Nature has secured it at all hazards by immensely overloading the passions, at the risk of perpetual crime and disorder." This undoubted fact has thrown upon man the stupendous task of self-control and self-direction, the task of mastering a force which otherwise will master and destroy himself. Asceticism is simply an exaggerated form of this endeavor after self-mastery. But at bottom it is a form of suicide, which would save life by killing it.

What is really wrong about asceticism is the idea, all

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inwrought in the substance of its philosophy, that there is something evil about sex. Here the church must carry a terrifying load of moral responsibility, for it is the church which has elevated abstinence from sex experience as one of the noblest of the virtues, and declared by implication that indulgence in sex is a descent from the highest estate of manhood and of womanhood. Nay, the church has done worse than this; it has not been satisfied with dealing in suggestions and implications. On the contrary, it has gone out of its way to declare categorically that sex intercourse is a sin, an evidence of the fall of man from a primitive state of innocence and purity, and abstinence, therefore, a virtue, because it is a first step on the road from damnation to salvation. Over all this vast area of experience, in which is operating nothing but the basic instincts of human nature, religion has thrown the shadow of a sense of guilt, and thus made shameful what should be innocent—as innocent as the child which is the noblest fruit of the sex relation.

We shall never get at the truth of sex experience until we train ourselves to see what religion has never yet been willing to see, that the sex life may be as beautiful as it is natural—at once the loveliest and the most normal expression of the deepest and truest instincts of the soul. "I would base all my sex teachings to children and young people on the beauty and sacredness of sex," wrote Olive Schreiner, one of the most distinguished women of our time, speaking of intercourse apart from the desire to have children. "Sex intercourse is the great sacrament of human life. He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh to his own damnation; but it may be the most beautiful sacrament between two souls who have no thought of children." For what is a sacrament? The classic definition has it that a sacrament is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Here is the spiritual grace—the love of a man and a woman, like Romeo and

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Juliet, or Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. This love calls for an outward and visible sign of its inner sanctity and beauty. And man has found this in that most intimate of all experiences—a communion of bodies which in this case becomes a communion of souls. "Every true lover knows this," says Havelock Ellis, in an indictment of asceticism. "From our modern standpoint we may say that the sexual embrace, worthily understood, can only be compared with music and with prayer."

Now these are the two limits within which I propose to move—the bounds, which I trust that none of us would cross, of promiscuity upon the one hand and of asceticism upon the other. I denounce repression of the sex instinct, or abstinence, equally with free indulgence of the sex instinct, or license. Somewhere between these two extremes of anarchy and tyranny we must find our standards. And where shall we find them, or see at least the first indications of what we are seeking, if not in what I have just been saying about the essential beauty of the sex relation? For it is elementary, is it not, that what is beautiful must be kept beautiful; that what is sacred must be protected from profanation? Just to the extent that we believe that the sex relation is a sacrament, and, therefore, a thing as holy as communion before the altar, just to that extent must we bind the relation by codes of discipline, guard it by standards of honor, lift it to high levels of vision and dedication. This is no common thing that we are handling, and no unclean thing; therefore must nothing common or unclean be allowed to touch it. This is no trivial and passing experience; therefore must no shallow, flippant, careless or promiscuous use be made of it. Like prayer or music, to which Havelock Ellis compares it, the sex process must be set apart as something precious, and thus never approached save as we approach an altar that has been sanctified by the adoration of countless souls—with heads bowed, with feet unshod, with obedience to the last detail

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of the rites which guard the shrine. And it is not the priest who regards sex as a sin, let me add, who must see to it that the rites are performed! Rather is it the normal and enlightened layman, who regards sex as beautiful and would practice it as clean and healthy, who must guard it, as a knight would guard his armor, from the stain and contamination of the world. I cannot too strongly stress this point upon you, who claim to be delivered from the gloomy superstitions of the past, and thus to look upon sex with clear eyes, in the open sunlight, as a thing of beauty. Just because this is your attitude, you must protect the thing which you adore. Of all people in the world who must be rigorous in sex relations, I count first the man, or the woman, who has discovered that sex is not a sin of the flesh but a sacrament of the soul. Here is the new Puritan—the man, or the woman, who would bind sex with inexorable standards, not because it is ugly and, therefore, to be feared, but because it is beautiful and, therefore, to be revered.

But I would go deeper into this problem! How does it happen that sex is beautiful? Certainly, nature has not made it so. There is nothing beautiful about sex in itself. On the contrary, in the sex process, as in all other physical processes, there is something ugly and repugnant rather than beautiful and attractive. The breeding of animals, especially in their natural state, is indiscriminate and cruel, essentially unlovely. We find the same unloveliness in the experience as it passes over from animal to man. Indeed, it has always been a favorite theory of mine that it is the grosser, more fleshly aspects of the sex process, especially in the early and more brutish periods of racial history, which really explain the feeling, so deeply rooted in human nature and so steadily persistent in human society, that there is something shameful, or even evil, in its practice. The recognition of ugliness, in other words, has passed over into the sense of guilt. No, there is nothing naturally

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beautiful about the sex life, as we have inherited it from our animal progenitors. What makes it beautiful is not the process itself, but what man has made of the process. Here is a purely physical function, which is no worse, and certainly no better, than any other physical function. And it is man who has transformed it into an art which is not only useful but lovely! He has done the same thing with this process that he has done with the equally material process of eating and drinking, which if done unworthily, says the Scripture, is done to our damnation. There is nothing elevating or beautiful about the act of taking physical nourishment into our bodies. Primitive man made of this performance a thing as ugly as pigs in a trough. A meal in the early days was a hideous devouring of raw flesh, with each man contending with every other for the fattest meat or the juiciest bone. The eating of savage men is to this day a sight so ugly to civilized persons as frequently to be nauseating. Yet it is this same disgusting activity of eating and drinking, this gorging and guzzling of the body, that man has transformed by his creative influence into one of the most dignified and beautiful rites of human intercourse. And he has done this by discovering the use of standards, to which I referred a few moments ago, and by which I mean nothing more nor less than the doing of things in decency and order by the common agreement of mankind. The process of eating man has surrounded with codes of custom, laws of conduct, rites of ceremony and obedience, and therewith transformed what was in the beginning an act of mere individual aggression and indulgence into a social pact of mutual reverence and grace. Thanks to the recognition of standards, and the formulation and application of these standards to the act of eating and drinking, a table spread with food has become, among civilized folk the world around, the noblest symbol of fellowship and hospitality.

What is true, now, of this physical process is true of

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others—and of none more notably than sex. All the loveliness there is in it, man has made. Its romance, its sanctity, its beauty, all are his. Here is an act which at the start was a mere process of physical reproduction, made imperative and sure by a passion more ugly than beautiful, more cruel than kind, in its expression. Man, as himself an animal, awakened to find this function in his body, and to see it operating as a necessary and yet brutish device for keeping the race going. And he seized upon it, by the creative genius of his inner life, and at last so lifted it from the physical to the spiritual plane that we no longer think of it now as animalism at all, but as a divine and holy sacrament of love. Man, in other words, is an artist. He looks at nature, and then proceeds to improve upon her. That is what art is—improvement upon nature! No woman was ever so beautiful as the Venus de Milo, as no man was ever so beautiful as the Apollo Belvedere. No sunsets were ever quite so gorgeous as the canvases of Turner, no music of wind and wave ever so harmonious as the chorals of Bach. Man's flowers are more glorious than any flowers of the field. Luther Burbank grew more wonderful varieties of fruit in a single lifetime than God produced in a million years. Man, I say, is an artist—and an artist in sex, exactly as in painting and music and horticulture. And the secret of his artistry, in the one field as in the other, is what we call technique—the mastery of a physical medium or a physical process, and the dedication of that medium or process to the highest ends of beauty. This is what we mean by laws, standards, ideals. Not laws that remain static, not standards that are dead, not ideals that are sterile! But laws, standards, ideals that grow with the growing experience of man, yet still subdue him to his art. Sex experience is such an art. It was made so, and will remain so, through man's reverence of standards—stern, rigorous, inexorable—which yet enable this

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"corruption to put on incorruption, and thus mortal to put on immortality."

It is from this standpoint—the necessity of technique as the condition of art, of standards as the condition of all beautiful and creative living—that I come at last to my answer to this question, Are there any standards in this matter of sex? I answer that there not only are but must be standards, as a condition of our sex experience being anything more and better than a mere exercise of animal indulgence in fleshly appetite. What these standards are, or what I believe they are, I now propose to state. I shall present them, five in number, without argument, for it is not my business to argue on this occasion. I simply offer them as my convictions, and ask you not necessarily to accept them, but at least to ponder them as convictions which reflect what I believe the experience and the ideals of men alike reveal as the basis of all true and noble living. This, in other words, is the way I would have all men live, in this difficult and trying field of sex, both for their own sake, and more particularly for the sake of that ideal society which we hope some day to see upon the earth.

(1) As my first standard, I offer this—*sex relations shall be joined only on the basis of love.*

This excludes two things, more or less common in our modern society. On the one hand, it excludes marriage for convenience, or money, or social standing, or family prudence, or any other reason than the love of heart for heart. On the other hand, it excludes all casual sex relations for pleasure or excitement, for the gratification of sex desire or even the relief of sex tension. This last point is important and should be given full discussion. Let me simply say now, by way of suggestion, that I am not oblivious of the agonies of sex tension, especially in the case of young unmarried men; also, that I am not ignorant of methods of relief quite as effective as intercourse with an occasional woman, and at the same time delivered of all those de-

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moralizing accompaniments of sex experience when divorced from the call of love. It is putting it mildly to say that no man will ever regret, nor be able to describe, the ecstasy of coming to the woman he loves as the first woman whom he has ever known.

(2) Secondly, as sex relations shall be joined only on the basis of love, so *sex relations shall continue only on the basis of love.*

However beautiful and strong the love that brought them together, whatever the difficulty and tragedy of their separation, a man and a woman should not continue together, even for a single day, if love has gone. In the case of marriage, this not only permits but commands divorce when the relation has failed. Herbert Spencer laid down an unanswerable principle in this case, when he said "that the maintenance of the legal bond is improper if the natural bond ceases."

(3) As my third standard, I offer this—*sex relations shall be monogamous, one man with one woman, one woman with one man, on a basis of utter, free and glad fidelity.*

Man is naturally polygamous, we are told. I challenge that dogma. I see the growth of the monogamous instinct in snakes and birds and animals, and do not see why it should disappear in man. But, granted for the sake of argument that this is true, that man is naturally polygamous, I declare that man, by the genius of his whole spirit and intention, is not content to live in the state of nature, but insists upon pressing ever onward and upward into the realm of art. What art has done for man, or what man has done with art, in the field of sex, we have discovered—and discovered also the secret of what is done. With love, as with music, the secret is discipline, dedication, standards—and not least among these standards in the sex relation do I place the law of exclusive fidelity between man and woman. I contend that no man can ever regret, nor

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will he ever be able adequately to describe, the peace of knowing love through the single and blessed comradeship of one woman.

(4) As my fourth standard, I suggest this—*sex relations shall be joined openly, and thus shall in all cases be open covenants openly arrived at.*

On the one hand, I have never been able to understand why, if certain sex relations are right and proper, the expression of true devotion and the manifestation of pure love, the parties thereto should not be eager to have everybody know of them. We hide only what is wrong, or what for some reason we are ashamed of. Yet, ninety per cent, or more, of all extramarital relationships in this field are undisclosed. Which brings me to my second point! That sex relations, as a compact between two persons, are in the very nature of the case a matter of social and not of individual concern. I agree with Bernard Shaw that "there is no need to deal" with the contention that we can do away with marriage altogether "on the ground that (the relation) is a private concern between the two parties with which society has nothing to do." On the contrary, society has everything to do with a relation so cataclysmic in its character, and so fundamental in its consequences. At the very least, it has the right to knowledge. I have no sympathy, therefore, with things secret, furtive, concealed. I object to "free love" not half so much because it is "free" as because it is hidden. Moral or immoral, it is anti-social—and that condemns it. Happy the man who lives his sex life in the open, and thus can stand up to all the world and say, *This is the woman of my love!*

(5) Lastly, sex relations shall not only be open, but *shall be joined and sustained by the social sanction.*

I believe, that is, in marriage under the authority of the state, not in free love at the whim of the individual. Whether or not the union shall be sanctified by the church, as well as sanctioned by the state, is a matter of small im-

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portance, and belongs to the decision of the parties concerned. In my own marriages I always insist that I am acting primarily not as a priest of the church but as an officer of the state. For it is the state that is involved here for weal or woe, the whole family of us together, and to the state belongs the making of the union. I believe, therefore, in the institution of marriage. This marriage may be as elaborate as the Roman Catholic mass, or it may be as simple as the Quaker ceremony where man and woman clasp hands in the presence of a third party, and say together, "I take thee to be my wedded wife (or husband)." In either case it is the high resolve to live this most intimate of all human relations inside of society, and not outside. Therewith is society held together, and the individual sanctified to something beyond himself!

Such is my answer to the question, Are there any standards in sex? Beginning with the individual, that sex relations shall be joined only on the basis of love, I have moved step by step to society, that sex relations shall be sanctioned by the consent of all good men. On the foundation stone of love, in other words, I have reared block by block the edifice of marriage. The standards I have offered are only so many girders, so to speak, to hold together what Dante Gabriel Rossetti called so beautifully, the "House of Life." Some of you may regret this conclusion, and even smile at it. But I do not regret it, and I smile only in delight of it. If the end of the whole matter is marriage, I am glad. For I believe in marriage. Not marriage as it is lived, but as it may be lived, and by some souls has been lived; not marriage as now so fenced about with social prejudices, so locked and barred with economic disabilities, but marriage as some day it will be liberated and sustained by social action. For we have a right to judge marriage, as we judge a man—by the best we can conceive, not by the worst we may have seen. So judged, I say to you that marriage stands justified as at once the cross and the

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crown of love. Who would deny it who has known it? As I hear of the wild adventuring of our time among our young people, I am not shocked. As I am told of feverish impulses and careless satisfactions, I only grieve. For I would have all young men and women prepare and keep themselves to know what some have known, and now are knowing—the beauty and the peace of marriage.

I recall a man whom I chance to know—a great English poet. When I met him he was unmarried, and alone. Some time ago there came the word that he was no longer living in that dusty, sky-lit room at the top of the long tenement stairs in London, but had taken a small stone cottage on the moors, and had crossed its threshold with a wife. I wondered, as months passed, what marriage had come to mean to this shy and quiet soul, who was so used to looking into the heart of things. At last there came to my hand a new volume of his poems. And on a certain page I found two stanzas, eight lines, thirty-five words. They were entitled, "Marriage," and they read as follows:

Going my way of old,
Contented more or less,
I dreamt not life could hold
Such happiness.

I dreamt not that love's way
Could keep the golden height,
Day after happy day,
Night after night.

IX

THE GOOD IN BAD TIMES

AT THE outset of what I have to say, I want to make certain aspects of my subject very clear.

In the first place, in speaking of "bad times," I am referring not to bad times in general, but to these bad times in particular in which we live. I am not wandering off, in other words, into the innocuous problems of the past, but am facing, or trying to face the pressing and poignant problems of the present.

In the second place, in referring to bad times, I mean *bad times*. I have no intention of glossing over our situation by saying that we have had business crises before, and that we shall get out of this crisis as we have sooner or later gotten out of all the others. On the contrary, I am assuming what I believe to be true, that this period of depression is something more than a mere "period of depression." My attitude is that of the English economist, Mr. J. A. Hobson, who has referred to the world as being "in the throes of the greatest economic and political disaster that history has ever recorded."

In the third place, in trying to find the good that may exist in these bad times, I am not going to repeat the pious platitudes which almost invariably appear in a discussion of this kind. I shall not refer to the popular maxim that "every cloud has a silver lining." I shall not philosophize upon the specious sentimentality that

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

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I shall not try to flatter you into acquiescence in your misery by reminding you of the ancient faith that "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." I shall not even resort to Providence, which I think has little to do with a crisis of this kind. My one thought is to regard this as a problem which must be looked at strictly from a philosophical, or realistic, point of view.

The seriousness of the present situation must be apparent. We are all more or less engulfed in the bad times which have come upon us. Some of us have lost everything; others are struggling desperately not to lose everything. The most fortunate among us are carrying burdens not our own, and suffering disappointments and defeats in the work we do, in the hopes we cherish, in the causes we serve. No one of us, even the most secure, but what is baffled, worried, and afraid. We have had bad times before, but never such times as these. Is there any good, now, in such bad times? Is there something fair and beautiful which can be wrought out of this experience? Shakespeare tells us, in his *As You Like It*, that

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Is there any such "jewel" in the "head" of this adversity which we meet like an ugly toad upon our way?

That there are such "uses of adversity" is the testimony of every philosopher and teacher since the world began.

(1) First, *there is the demonstration that we still live in a moral universe, in which moral laws are not without avail.* We speak familiarly of our world as going to pieces and falling apart. And so it seems, as governments are overthrown, economic systems disrupted, and society in general disintegrated into confusion. I have myself more than once used the figure of a building cracking in beam and girder, as it prepares to crash into final ruin. Yet a

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deeper survey of the situation will show, it seems to me, that our world is not tumbling to pieces at all, but, on the contrary, is holding together. What is really at work in the present catastrophe is the fundamental law of cause and effect, which reaches to the foundations of the cosmos. "Consider that everything which happens," says Marcus Aurelius, "happens justly. If thou observest carefully, thou wilt find it to be so. I do not say only with respect to the continuity of the series of things, but with respect to what is just." In the moral universe, in other words, precisely as in the physical universe, it is necessary that effect shall follow cause, results succeed inevitably upon initial impulses, if the world is not to revert to primeval chaos from which in the beginning it took its rise. It is easy to argue that this reversion to chaos is exactly what is happening at the present moment. But, on the contrary, is this not exactly what is *not* happening? Is not the whole current of contemporary events a triumphant demonstration of the fact that cause is still being followed by effect, and the world holding together in accordance with that justice which is the divine order of creation?

What are the causes, for example, which are at work in these present troubles? In 1914 the western world deliberately committed itself to the task of destroying all the property, killing all the lives, disrupting all the modes of civilized behavior, which lay within the reach of men suddenly become more savage than the brute creatures of the jungle. For four years the nations continued on this job, under the influence of all the foulest passions that can abide within the human breast; and when at last they laid down their arms, from sheer exhaustion, they had accomplished a wider area of devastation than was ever before achieved in human history. Now if mankind can do an evil of this kind and not suffer for it, I should feel indeed that the world is going to pieces. If the human race can deliberately undertake to destroy not only all that man has

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made through his centuries of life, but also all that God has made through the zons that are his own, then indeed I should believe that

Fishes flew and forests walked,
And figs grew upon thorn.

If the Great War, in other words, could come and go, and everything still proceed exactly as before, then surely I should have to think that a madness had come upon our days. As it is, I find that the integrity of the universe still stands. The order of the world is a moral order, and it holds, as the physical order holds when sparks fly upward and stones downward. The war has ruined us. Which means that the laws of cause and effect are still at work! Today, as yesterday, "judgment and justice take hold on thee."

But there is another, remoter, and for that reason more fundamental cause of our distress. Back of the war is that social and economic order which dominates our western world, and which produced the war as surely as vines grow grapes. This order, if it may be called an order, is based upon the principle of competition, struggle, and mutual exploitation. Every man in our system seeks his own, and measures his success in terms of his advantage over his fellows. I know that there is much talk in our economic life of "service," but this "service" is always measured in terms of its ability to serve the private interests of the individual or corporation which is trying to make an ever larger and more abundant private profit. It is useless to dispute the nature of our society. Its essence at its best is what the philosophers have called "enlightened self-interest"; and at the worst it is utter selfishness and greed. Its fruits are, on the one hand, the debauchery of wealth and, on the other hand, the desperation of poverty. The great English economist, R. H. Tawney, has defined this society for all time when he describes it as an "ac-

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quisitive society . . . which fixes men's minds not upon the discharge of social obligation, . . . but upon the exercise of the right to pursue their own (advantage)."

Now can such a society as this, "so conceived and so dedicated, long endure"? Not if there is any truth in that religion which, under the inspiration of the Jewish prophets and the Christian apostles, we have declared to be the secret of human living. This religion affirms the sovereignty not only of righteousness, but of sacrifice and mercy. It declares, on the one hand, that there is a law of right and wrong which must be the guide of all our days and, on the other hand, that love is the fulfillment of this law. How wonderful the precepts of this religion!—that we shall love our neighbors as ourselves, that we shall do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, that we shall bear one another's burdens, that we shall lay up our treasures not on earth but in heaven. These are the ideals we profess. We profess them because we believe that they lie in the mind of God and, therefore, at the heart of the world. And here is this economic order, this social system, which challenges and denies our vision! A duel is on between our works and our faith, between our outward life and our inward spirit. One or the other must in the end give way. And now when I see the whole structure of our Western life suddenly collapsing and falling into ruin, when I see the machinery which we have builded failing to perform even the basic function of keeping people alive, am I wrong in seeing the triumph of that spiritual idealism which has long since condemned our capitalistic order as the "abomination of desolation"? This triumph is bought, if you will, at a terrific price. It is the price of the comfort, happiness, health, prosperity, even lives, of millions of men and women. The dissolution of our society, now steadily going forward, may sooner or later involve us all in unimaginable disaster. But is even such a price too heavy to pay for the vindication of the truth that

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there is a road that leadeth, broad and smooth, unto destruction, and a road that leadeth, strait and narrow, unto life? What we see in these menaces of our time is the unshaken integrity of our moral order. It is true today as it was yesterday that "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

(2) But there is a second good in these bad times. I refer to *the discovery, or rather rediscovery, of the true values of life.*

How cheap and tawdry, in the light of all that is now transpiring, seems the life that we were living a few years ago! What did we want most, and therefore value most, in those feverish and exciting days? Am I wrong if I say that we wanted money—easy money, quick money, a lot of money? We wanted money so easy that we were unwilling to work for it, but sought means of making it by miracle or magic. We wanted money so quick that we were not willing to wait for it through the natural processes of production, but must gamble for it like a lot of players around a gaming-table. We wanted so much money that there was no satisfying our craving for it, but always we must seek thousands in place of hundreds, and millions in place of thousands. And when we got our money, in the maddest orgy of prosperity the world has ever known, what did we do with it? We financed some noble charities, fostered some lovely arts, achieved some mighty works. But on the whole we went chasing off after the things that a money-crazed people have always sought—extravagant food, luxurious clothing, jewels and decorations and material adornments, new sensations and excitements, pleasure, debauchery, and vice. In the maddest orgy of expenditure the world has ever known, we laid hold of every unnecessary and corrupting luxury that the markets could afford, and pandered therewith to all the sensational appetites of the body. Like Jesus in the parable, we were taken up "into an exceeding high mountain,"

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so high that we were dizzy, and there we were shown "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." But unlike Jesus, we did not say, "Get thee hence, Satan," but with open arms welcomed the tempting vision, and with our gold made purchase of its baubles.

And now everything we strove for and laid hold upon is gone. Our gilt-edge securities—what are they worth? Our solid investments—how much are they paying? Our banks—will they follow the Bank of England? Our money—will it slip, and tumble, and disappear like the English pound? These properties of ours—the land we own, the buildings we reared, the jewels we bought, the silk and fine linen we laid away—what would we give if we could only get rid of them and thus be free of these "great possessions" which are our ruin! Our pleasures—why do they not entertain us any more? Our indulgences—why do they sicken us with a certain nausea and disgust? All these things that attracted us yesterday have suddenly lost their fascination. They no longer have any value from the standpoint of the pressing necessities of this hour. When did they ever have any value from the standpoint of the abiding standards of eternity? We built our house in the day of our prosperity, and it stood all fair and beautiful. But the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell, for it was built upon the sand. Now we have nothing left us but the rock—the bare and naked rock—the old simplicities of the quiet home and the loving heart, the ancient verities of prudence, probity, and patience. But these, just because they are the rock, can sustain us through any storm. "Very little indeed is necessary for living a happy life," says Marcus Aurelius. "Thou seest how few the things are, the which if a man lays hold of, he is able to live a life which flows in quiet, and is like the existence of the gods."

It is the rediscovery of these ultimate values in human living which I call a good in these bad times. It is a good

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in itself, since it means a return to sanity, reasonableness, and truth. But it is particularly a good from the standpoint of all that now awaits us in the future. I see nothing in this future essentially explosive or revolutionary, at least in so far as this country is concerned. I do not anticipate that here in America we are to experience any sudden, violent, or destructive upheavals. Rather do I anticipate a slow but steady decline in the general level of our social existence. Not in our time are we going to know again any such extravagant standards of prosperity as dazzled and betrayed us in this last decade. We are all of us going to be poorer, and therefore simpler in our ways of living. Our incomes will become less, and in due course our tastes less expensive and our desires less expansive. Things which now appear to be necessities will soon take on the appearance of luxuries, and thus gradually disappear. Not the much that we want but the little that we need will become the law of our economy. And like the spoiled children that we are, we would be unhappy if we did not learn again, in the very process of adjustment, the real values in human living. It is for this reason that we are now undergoing a wholesome experience in discovering the things which are not worth having since they pass away, and the things which are infinitely worth having since they abide; for in this experience is the discipline which will enable us not only to endure but also to rest content in the days that lie ahead.

(3) This brings me to a third good in these bad times. I refer to *the qualities of character which are saved and purified, if not actually created, out of the hard conditions of misfortune.*

Thomas Carlyle says, in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, that "adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity." All that we have experienced, and are now experiencing, bears testimony to the truth

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of this gnarled saying of the English philosopher. Nothing was more terrible in the last decade than the demoralization and corruption which crept like a disease into the souls of men and women. A large part of this corruption was the product of the war. The generation which endured that horror was inevitably left cynical, disillusioned, brutalized, and selfish. But a large part of our contemporary corruption—a dirty literature, a debauched theater, a salacious society, rotten politics, dishonest business, loose morals—came not from the war at all, but from the false and extravagant prosperity which succeeded the war. A whole generation was despoiled by this riotous experience. Pleasure, excitement and dissipation became the law and gospel of the hour. Morality was defied, idealism laughed at, all standards of beauty, refinement and sensibility thrown away. Under the influence of money, "the root of all evil," we became luxurious, indulgent, idle, easy-going and hard-boiled; and—tragedy of tragedies!—our young people, never having seen a simpler day, were deceived into the delusion that sophistication was a substitute for culture, and vulgarity for virtue. It was a sorry time—all summed up and explained in the obvious fact that we could not stand prosperity! We were corrupted by the ease and comfort which wrapped us round. Like Hannibal's army, in the famous campaign in Italy, we were destroyed not by the rigors of the march but by the luxuries of the camp.

But now all this is gone. Hardness, in place of softness, is come upon us. And there are men who are breaking under the impact of this hardness. Every day we read of them committing suicide, and deserting their families, and doing other desperate and futile things. There is a certain type of man who is bound to go to pieces under adversity. "It is difficulties," says Epictetus, "which show what men are." But for every one man who is collapsing today in these bad times, there were a thousand men who were rotting yesterday in those good times. What impresses me, amid

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the dire misfortunes of this hour, is the patience, the courage, the strength that people are showing as they face disasters they never even imagined they would meet. As misfortunes press the more hardly upon them, the more strongly they seem to develop the inward spiritual resistances to meet the strain. The heavier the burdens that bow their backs, the mightier these backs seem to heave themselves into the position to carry on. These bad times are developing the best that is within us, and I fear it was the good times that tended to develop the worst. If character is the thing at stake, then can we say with St. Paul that it is gain and not loss we are enduring.

The great teacher of the Stoics, Epictetus, used the figure of the athlete to interpret this idea of the redemptive quality of adversity. "When a difficulty falls upon you," he wrote, "remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough young man. For what purpose, you may say? Why, that you may become an Olympic conqueror; but it is not accomplished without sweat." Out of hard material rather than soft is made the substance of the world and the tissue of men's hearts. It is for this reason that I am anticipating we shall grow a better breed of men and women in the next decade than we have been growing in the last. Not from choice, unfortunately, but from necessity, we are returning to an era of hard work, meager earnings, simple living, thrift, frugality, and sacrifice. But whether from choice or necessity the result is still the same. We shall gain a manhood and a womanhood of which we may be not ashamed, but proud.

(4) This brings me to the last good which I would name in these bad times. What I have in mind is the *growing sympathy and deepening compassion which are teaching us all to have love one for another.*

I was deeply impressed by a story which came to me recently from one of the great multitude of our unem-

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ployed. This was a young man who, by reason of his delicate literary and spiritual taste, has long been ill-adapted to the stern conditions of competition in our work-a-day world. He has always found it hard to get along and, therefore, faced the dilemma of unemployment long before the present disaster swept down upon us. In recent months, of course, he has been wandering from door to door, in a desperate endeavor to find any kind of a job which would hold body and soul together. His experience has been tragic. Yet out of his despair the other day he lifted a brave face, and said, "It's easier hunting jobs now than it used to be. I don't mean that it's easier finding jobs. I mean just what I say—that it's easier *hunting* jobs. In the old days, when I knocked on a door, it wouldn't open, or if it opened, I got only a snarling word and an abrupt dismissal. It took every ounce of courage I had in those days to face a man and tell him I needed employment. But now it's different. Something seems to have come over people. No doors are closed today. I'm always invited in and asked to sit down. The man who meets me hasn't got a job, perhaps, but he's got a pleasant word and a kind heart. At any rate he takes pains to talk with me as though he understood, and in the end to say good-bye as though he were a friend. I'm hungrier today than I was yesterday. But, on the other hand, I'm happier. For the first time in my life I'm being treated by everybody as a human being."

The explanation of this experience is, of course, obvious. We are touched by a sense of common misery, and also by a sense of common peril. No longer can we blame the unemployed man for his predicament. We realize that his experience today may be our experience tomorrow. It is undoubtedly a defense mechanism that is at work here. We are really pitying ourselves rather than the other man. But pity, even when rooted in selfishness, is near akin to love. A sense of kinship in misfortune, from whatever source derived, is at least a beginning of that wider and

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deeper kinship which must ultimately bind mankind together in a relation of brotherhood. We are learning today, for the first time, perhaps, what it means to share the common lot. We have always loved our family and friends, but now we are finding it necessary to love all men, and to try to serve them in their need. This is religion, or at least the beginning of religion, as taught by Jesus in his great parable of the Good Samaritan. And this religion is being planted as a seed in the hearts of millions of men and women as these hearts today are being plowed and harrowed by the bad times in which we live.

Such is the good of these bad times! First, we are facing the rigors of a beneficent moral order that will not ignore our sins. Secondly, we are discovering the true values which are rooted in the eternal verities of chaste and simple living. Thirdly, we are finding within ourselves reserves of character we did not know existed. Lastly, we are loving and serving one another as we have been told to do in vain these many years.

Is not this good some compensation for our present woe? Are we not stirred and lifted rather than overborne? Shall not the cry of our American poet, Angela Morgan, be ours as well?—

Upon this trouble shall I whet my life
As 'twere a dulling knife.
Bade I my friend be brave?
I shall still braver be.
No man shall say of me,
"Others he saved, himself he could not save,"
But, swift and fair
As the primeval Word that smote the night—
"Let there be light!"
Courage shall leap from me, a gallant sword
To rout the enemy and all his horde,
Cleaving a kingly pathway through despair.

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(A SERMON FOR ARMISTICE SUNDAY)

It was some years ago that I first visited the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Washington. I thought then, as I think now, that I had never seen a location more impressive than that of the tomb of this nameless warrior. I have stood by the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey—but here was the open sky as contrasted with the stuffy gloom of the English cathedral. I have stood by the grave of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe—but here was the quiet of grass and trees, and careful footsteps, as contrasted with the noise and confusion of the greatest avenue in Paris. There was something about this American grave that was ineffably beautiful. The simple tomb upon the crest of the hill, the silent temple in the background, the gleaming city in the foreground, and all about, the buried dead who had given "their last full measure of devotion" to the nation's service—it was all something to touch the heart. Only the sun was too bright, and the twittering of the birds too loud! I longed to be here in the mystic hours when darkness might lay its balm upon the tired eyes, and all distraction drift quietly away upon the tides of peace. I wondered, as I walked along, if one could come to Arlington Cemetery after nightfall!

I kept wondering about this matter as I made my way back to my hotel. I wondered about it during dinner, as I sat alone and reviewed the happenings of the busy day. I wondered about it as I lounged in the big armchair by

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my window, with a book of poetry in my hands, and looked out for a moment over the city of Washington to the south. There was the Potomac, losing its luster as the darkness of the night slowly descended upon the scene. Quite a distance beyond was the hill, now no longer visible, and on that hill the Unknown Soldier. What did he think about on nights like this? Did his spirit go wandering back to Flanders Field where he had last seen the light of the sun, and felt the sweet contacts of human flesh? Was he glad the nation had sent him, or was he sorry? Did death seem to him a tragedy, or something else? And what about these honors which were his, and yet not his—did they surprise him, or was he used to them by now? Surely, if one could open that grave, one would meet strange thoughts. And see an unknown man! How quiet it is here! It was possible to get into this cemetery after all. The tomb was beautiful by day, but never so beautiful as now, with the darkness, the stars, and all that distant shimmer of the city. There is the dome of the Capitol—a spot of light, like a door opening into the night. And there is the Monument—that shaft of shadow, lifted up as though in protest, against the stars. And here is the grave, and the soldier, and myself—alone!

I was settling myself down to meditation, when I found that I was not alone. There seemed to be a presence with me. At first it was like a shadow, everywhere and yet nowhere. Then it seemed to localize itself to the right here, between me and the marble tomb. Then gradually, like a ship emerging ghost-like from a fog, it seemed to take on form and substance, and become, as it were, a living thing. I saw a man, very vague in outline and unsubstantial in appearance, but still a man. As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I was able to see that he was clad in the uniform of a soldier, and wore the low brass helmet of the battle-line. He was standing as though at attention—tall, straight, and very still. He was obviously

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a white man, yet the shadow of his helmet, under the stars, made his face look like that of a colored man. He told me, later, that he had been born on a farm in the Middle West. His voice, as he talked, had the broad and cultivated accent of Boston. He had enlisted from New York, so he said, and his name, which I could not hear very distinctly, seemed to be a Jewish name. He was a queer blend of persons and places, this Unknown Soldier. All I could be sure of was that he was an American!

"Hello, buddy," he exclaimed, as he emerged now distinctly from the darkness, and sat down upon the tomb, with a peculiar kind of radiance about his person. He seemed to shine, as though from a light within; yet there was no light cast into the darkness, and the night was as heavy as before.

"Are you surprised to see me?" he continued.

"Well, I am just a bit," was my reply. "I came up here because I thought I would like to be alone, and do a little thinking about you, and this war business, and all the rest."

"Yes, I thought so," he said in a voice still far away, and yet very clear. "And I thought perhaps you might like to talk with me, for I know something about this war business." He stopped a moment, and spat upon the ground, as though there were something bitter in his mouth. "At any rate," he exclaimed, "I wanted to talk with you. And here I am!"

"You see," he continued, "I don't very often get a chance at a fellow like you. I spend most of my time entertaining presidents, and admirals, and generals, and visiting diplomats and statesmen—the big bugs that sent us to the war, and would send us again if they got the chance, or felt the necessity. You know how it is—big talk about the flag, and the honor of the nation, and the atrocities of the enemy, while all the time it's debts to be collected, or investments to be secured, or colonies to be captured. The army

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follows the dollar, you know, and the blood of the army is what makes the dollar pay. I've talked with the dead ones over there. It's the same in every country. They didn't want to fight. They were satisfied enough with their jobs, and their families, and a bit of music, and a game out in the open now and then. Why, a lot of those chaps from Russia and those funny eastern places, they didn't know whom they were fighting, or what it was all about. But the foreign secretaries knew; the diplomats and generals could tell you all the whys and wherefores of the conflict. For the governments make the wars, and we poor devils fight them; the kings and the presidents kindle the fire, and we pour our blood on it, to put it out. And here I have to lie inside this stone, when these fellows come around with their wreaths and their speeches and their tall hats, and I have to look at their silly faces, and wonder what's going on behind. The next war—that's what they're thinking about; and how sweet and glorious it is for the other fellow to die for his country! I wouldn't mind so much if they'd come here to make amends, or to ask my pardon. I could understand if they were clad in sackcloth and had ashes on their heads. But oh, no! They're all decked out in uniforms and black coats, and they stand up straight, and look big and important, just as though they had done something to be proud of. I'd like to take one of those gold-lace generals, or black-cloth statesmen, that never came nearer than a thousand miles to a battlefield, and show him what I've seen, and make him suffer what I've endured. I'd be happy till the Judgment Day if I could see a foreign secretary gassed, or a diplomat blown to bits, so his very name was lost, and his grave was marked 'unknown.' That would let me rest in peace, all right! I'd never rise up again, to haunt you or anybody else. But that time will never come. The big men play safe, and it's us poor devils as has to pay the price."

"You remind me," I said, as the Unknown Soldier

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paused for a moment, "you remind me of a little poem that Mr. Chesterton wrote while the war was on. I never understood why the English government didn't arrest him for treason. Listen!—I think I can remember it:

The men that worked for England
They have their graves at home;
And bees and birds of England
About the cross can roam.

But they that fought for England,
Following a fallen star,
Alas, alas for England,
They have their graves afar.

And they that rule in England,
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves as yet."

"That's the idea," cried the Soldier, as I finished the poem on that last most savage line in contemporary English verse. "I'm not much on poetry—I usually can't understand what it's all about. But that's plain enough—and it's true." And he began reciting to himself—

"And they that rule in England . . .
They have no graves as yet."

There was silence between us for a moment, and then I said:

"It sounds to me as though you didn't want to go to this war very much. Didn't you want to make the world safe for democracy? When your children came to you in after years, and said, 'Daddy, what did you do in the great war?' didn't you want to be able to look them straight in the eye, and tell them how you fought and bled for your country?"

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There was a disgusted snort as I said these words; then there was a long silence. The Unknown Soldier turned away, and looked far off toward the shimmering city, where a thousand lights were gleaming in a thousand homes. As I watched him, the inner radiance of his body seemed to fade, like a dying lamp, and suddenly I felt cold and very lonely.

"Children!" said the Soldier, turning back to me. "It looks as though I should have a lot of children, doesn't it?—Let me tell you how much I wanted to go to this war!

"I came to New York from the West—right off a farm. I had my ups and downs in the big city, but along about nineteen-sixteen I was doing well. When my father died, we sold the farm, and my mother came East, to keep house for me up in the Bronx. She was a good sport, my mother! She knew I was going to get married, and she loved my girl just as much as I loved her. Never jealous of her a particle! This girl of mine was a teacher up in Yonkers. We had been engaged about two years, and after all that time, we were ready to get married. I'd been saving and she'd been saving, and we had picked out a nice apartment over in Mount Vernon, and we were planning to set up housekeeping in June, just as soon as the schools were closed. Then in April this war came along. How much do you suppose I cared about democracy, and the war to end war, and the terrible menace of the Germans? That talk was all right for Washington; and it looked great in the newspapers; and it was swallowed like griddle cakes and maple syrup by those that had nothing else to think about. But it never touched me. I wanted to marry Ruth—and have some of these children they were telling us so much about. Of course, I was selfish, and all that. But I've had a lot of time to think about it up on this hill, wondering what's become of Ruth, just the way she's wondering what's become of me; and I'm inclined to think that loving and having children is just about as important as

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killing men you never saw and didn't bear any grudge against. Let me tell you how much I wanted to go to this war!

"I wasn't a volunteer, you know. I had to go. This Unknown Soldier here, just like the Unknown Soldier in London, and the one in Paris, he was a conscript. The nation arrested us just as though we were criminals, put us into prisons that were called 'army camps,' and kept us bound until the war was over—or we were dead. It was conscription, that's what it was. That's the only way you can fight a war today—force men to fight it. Don't forget that!"

"But you are forgetting something," I interrupted. "Don't you remember how President Wilson said of the Universal Service Act that it was in no sense 'a conscription of the unwilling'?"

Again there was a scornful laugh. "In no sense a conscription of the unwilling!" cried the Soldier. "Let me tell you how much I wanted to go to this war!"

"Do you remember how we had to register, and each man got a number? And do you remember how they had a drawing of numbers in Washington for the first draft, and how the numbers drawn, columns of them, were published in the papers one afternoon? I remember I went to the baseball game that afternoon, up at the Polo Grounds. As I passed through the gate, I bought a paper, as I was a bit ahead of time. There on the front page was the story of the drawing, and the listing of the numbers drawn. I began to hunt for mine—to see if it had been pulled out of the box. I read the numbers in the newspapers until I was dizzy, up and down, up and down, column after column, page after page. Still I read, almost to the end, when suddenly, like a close-up in the movies, I saw my number in figures a foot high. I was one of the men drafted! I looked up in a dazed kind of way and there was the ball game going on, three innings of it, and I hadn't seen or

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heard a thing. I didn't want to see or hear anything now. My world had changed. I got up, and went home; and I was sick for a week. Then, blamed fool that I was, when the call came from Washington, I answered. Yes, sir, I answered. I didn't have the guts to say no, the way some of the men did. But just like a nice little puppy-dog tied to a string, I went trotting right along. And the flags waved, and the bands played and all the stay-at-homes shouted and screamed, and I said good-bye to Ruth, and I patted myself on the back for a hero. And here I am—just a dead coward—a man who was too proud not to fight.

"Let me tell you," continued the Unknown Soldier, in a voice that now seemed very near, and terrible. "There's only one sure way to stop war, and that is to refuse to fight. Those conscientious objectors had the right idea. The grave of one of them is worth a million graves of soldiers, known or unknown. I was talking with the English Unknown Soldier the other night—the chap in Westminster Abbey—and he told me about a great Englishman, a member of Parliament, used to be a cabinet minister, what was his name? . . ."

"I think you mean Arthur Ponsonby," I said.

"That's right," came back the Soldier. "Arthur Ponsonby's the man. Well, the Westminster Abbey fellow told me that this man, Ponsonby, had sent a memorial to the Prime Minister, signed by thousands upon thousands of persons who publicly pledged themselves never to take part under any circumstances in any future war. Now, that's the ideal! That's what I should have done. That's what we dead ones over here wish to God we had done. But it's too late, too late . . ." and his voice dragged away into silence and the bitter wind. And then I heard, like an echo—"Too late, too late; but not too late now, for the next war!"

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"You remind me," I said, softly, "of a book I've just been reading. It's by H. G. Wells."

"Oh, yes—Wells," cried the Soldier. "I used to read some of his stories—good ones. And I remember reading some of the stuff he wrote about the war, too. Called it a great crusade, and all that."

"Yes," I said. "But Wells knows better now. And he's written this new book to tell us why. It's called *The Open Conspiracy*. He says that the world is in the wrong hands, and that it's going to destruction. He says that right-minded people, the people who believe in peace, and brotherhood, and beauty, must organize themselves deliberately to the end of recapturing the world. They must form an Open Conspiracy, as he puts it, to get possession of power all over the earth, form a world commonwealth, abolish war, socialize the sources of money, and institute an intelligent control of population."

"Quite a program," was the dry comment of the Unknown Soldier.

"Yes," I agreed, "it's quite a program. And the first step is to resist militarism. Let me read you," I continued, "a little paragraph that I jotted down in my notebook only a night or so ago."

I fumbled in my pocket and after some trouble, I found the page on which I had scrawled the lines:

"'From the outset,' says Mr. Wells, 'the Open Conspiracy will set its face against militarism. There is a plain present need for the organization now, before war comes again, of an open and explicit refusal to serve in any war. (This) putting upon record of its members' reservation of themselves from any or all of the military obligations that may be thrust upon the country by military and diplomatic efforts, will be . . . the first considerable overt act of the Open Conspiracy groups.'"

I tried to read on further, but my memorandum had become dim, and I could not see the words. But I had

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read enough. I turned to the Soldier, who was very quiet, and thoughtful.

"This 'anticipatory repudiation of military service,' as Wells calls it," I said to him, "is probably what he has in mind when he says, that his Open Conspiracy, if it achieves anything, will exact a price in 'toil, suffering, and blood.' He thinks people have got to sacrifice something, if his dream of a better world is ever to come true."

"Sacrifice," said the Unknown Soldier. "I know something about sacrifice. And quite a lot too, about 'toil, suffering, and blood.' And there are a few million other fellows, like myself, who know the same thing. They haven't all got tombs like this of mine, but they know . . . they know. I should think that Wells could find a few thousand men and women in the world to make some sacrifice for his dream, after the sacrifice we millions were forced to make for just precisely nothing at all.

"Did you ever see pictures of animals back in the old pagan days, all decked out with wreaths and flowers, and surrounded by flute-players and drummers, and led to the altars of the gods, and sacrificed?"

"Yes," I said. "John Keats describes a sacrificial procession of that kind in his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Don't you remember the lines?

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou the heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?"

"I don't know anything about the Grecian Urn," said the Unknown Soldier, "but I know they used to take bullocks in the old days, and dress them all up, and play music, and march in procession to the altars in the temples, and then kill the bullocks, and smear their blood all over the place, and call it religion."

There was silence for a moment. I heard nothing but a

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kind of a sigh, like the moan of many voices far away. Then came the voice of the Soldier, very near now, and very terrible.

"That's what they did to us," he cried. The moan came louder from the sky, like the murmuring of a crowd. "That's what they did to us," he repeated—and the moan became a shout. "They took us like so many animals, and slaughtered us. See, here's the altar!"

As he said these words, the Unknown Soldier stood up and faced his tomb. He seemed bowed down like a man in pain, or very weak. He remained standing there for a long time. Then suddenly he straightened up, and turned back again to me.

"Do you know," he said, "why I cannot rest upon this hill? Why, night after night, I start awake, and look up at the stars? Why I have met you, and talked with you, and said things that perhaps should not be said?"

He paused as though to catch his breath. It was very quiet now—the moaning of many voices had passed like the wind. The Soldier spoke again.

"There's no rest for me," he said, "no sleep, no peace, because the thing that killed me and my buddies, and that French Soldier and his buddies, and the German fellow and his buddies, that monstrous thing is still alive in the world. It's a religion—the only religion most men know anything about. It's a religion of false gods and blood sacrifice, like the religions of savage tribes. Only it's more cruel, more terrible than these religions, because it demands not animals for its sacrifice, but men—young men, strong men, brave men, the best we have. And this religion that sucks our blood and devours our flesh, we deck in flags, and drench in music, and house in temples, and worship as a sacred thing. There are a hundred thousand altars in America to God and his servant, Christ, but there isn't one of them as holy in the eyes of the nation as this grave

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of the Unknown Soldier, an altar to Mars, and his servant, Cæsar.

"I thought they had gotten through with me," the specter went on, "when they took me out there into the trenches, and blew off my hands, and left me to bleed to death. I thought I had done my duty, when I'd spilled my blood on the ground, and all my veins were empty. I thought I should have quiet and a little rest when they buried me under the trees in the warm French sun. It was lovely out there in that little corner of the graveyard. But one day they came and dug me up—and put a flag over my coffin—and lined me up with five other chaps whose names were lost, to pick one of us to be the 'Unknown Soldier.' And they picked on me! Then suddenly I was something more than bones and dust. I became a symbol and a name. I was caught up by crowds, and carried along in pageants, and blessed by holy men. They took me back across the seas, and on to Washington. And then we went marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, with fife and drum.

"And they bring little children to my grave, to teach them how beautiful it is to be a soldier. And they bring the great from many lands, with their wreaths and garlands, to show how wonderful it is for a man to die for his country. And they hold festivals on holidays, with prayers and songs and magic rites, to show that here is the altar of the nation's life. Every day they kill me again. Every hour they lay me fresh upon the altar, and spill my blood. Will they never be done? Will they never leave me alone? Am I never to be forgotten, and have my peace?"

There was a kind of frenzy in the Soldier's voice by now. He came near to me, and I could see that he was trembling as though with some great anguish. He threw out his arms to right and to left, and I saw Christ writhing upon his perpetual cross.

"Peace," he cried; "where is it? You made me die—and die in vain. You slew me like a beast upon an altar,

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then rubbed my wounds with salt, and stuffed my mouth with ashes. Do you know what I thought when I went across to France, after I'd gotten used to the life, and knew that Ruth would remember, and wait for me? I really thought it was splendid—that this was the war to end war, a crusade for peace and brotherhood. It seemed funny to fight for peace, and to kill for brotherhood; but those that ought to know about such things—presidents, and Congressmen, and ministers—they told me so, and I believed, and I was glad. And when that grenade exploded in the trenches, and I saw my hands were gone, and life was going, I said to myself, 'It's all right, boy. You've done your bit. This war's the last war. They'll never do this sort of thing again. You're dead, or as good as dead; but other men, through all the centuries to come, will live.' And all of a sudden, just as the light was fading out of my eyes, and I seemed to be floating on the tide of a river into silence, I remembered something that I'd learned out of the Bible in Sunday School when I was a boy—something I remember now —

"'And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.'

"That's what I died for, or thought I died for," said the Soldier. "But look at things now! The same world, the same armies and navies, the same insecurity and fear, the same hatreds and suspicions and preparations for war—and the same superstition in the hearts of men that it's noble to fight and heroic to kill for one's country. Kill, mind you, not die! We soldiers were drafted by the nation not to die but to kill. The dying was accidental; the killing intentional. That's the whole business of war—to kill! But whether dying or killing, either way, it's a lie. I know it's a lie, for I've seen God. But you don't believe

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it—you people who haven't died, and haven't seen God. You won't believe it. And for all the ten millions of us who were shot, and bayoneted, and gassed, and blown to bits, you go right on in the same old way, hallowing war and making it a brave and splendid show. And you even have the indecency to use me and my grave to fool your children, as we were fooled before them, as our fathers were fooled before us, as all men have been fooled from the beginning.

"How long, O Lord, how long, before mankind shall see that war is the blackest lie in hell!"

Again the Soldier threw out his arms in agony, and again I saw the crucifixion. And through the silence, far away, as though drifting across the seas of time from an eternal past, there came words, familiar words:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

A trembling seized me. I tottered as though the words were a rushing wind, and I but a broken reed against it. Instinctively I put my hand upon the tomb to steady me.

"Yes," said the Soldier, watching my gripping fingers on the slab, "it's a good tomb. Nice, smooth stone; simple, in good taste. It's holy, too, like the graves of all soldiers who have had to die, they knew not why. But I know some graves that are holier than this. The graves of men who died because they chose to die, who died without killing anybody, who died not for their country but for humanity."

The Unknown Soldier was very quiet now. His agony had passed. His voice was solemn, as though he were speaking of sacred things.

"There's a grave in Russia, for example, I'd like to see. Just outside of Moscow! The grave of Tolstoy."

"Yes," I said. "There are some words of Tolstoy that I remember: 'I know that my unity with others cannot be shut off by a frontier, or a government decree. I know that all men everywhere are brothers and equals, and that

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my true welfare is found in my unity with the whole world.'"

"There's a grave in Germany," continued the Soldier, who seemed to stand straighter and taller as he spoke. "It's the grave of Liebknecht, Karl Liebknecht."

"Yes," I said. "They imprisoned him, and tortured him, and killed him, because he opposed the war."

"And in France, there's a grave." The Soldier was standing now at salute very straight and still. "I've seen that grave. It's in the Pantheon. The grave of Jaurès."

"Jaurès," I echoed, reverently. "Assassinated just as the war began for his love of peace."

"And in London, at Golders Green," said the Soldier. And all his body was aglow with light that blinded me with splendor! "There are the ashes of Morel."

"I met him once," I said humbly. "It was after he came out of prison for loving peace too well."

"And in this country," said the Soldier—and now he seemed to flame like the splendor of candles on an altar—"there's a grave here, too, that's holy. The grave of Debs, 'Gene Debs.'"

There was silence now, as though the host were being lifted in the church. I think both of us were looking at the same picture—an old man standing before the bar of justice, and saying:

"I have been accused of obstructing the war. I admit it. I abhor war. I would oppose it if I stood alone. . . . For I believe that nations have been pitted against nations long enough in hate and strife."

And now the soldier spoke again. It was like the voice of St. Michael to the hosts of heaven.

"And there is a grave," he said, "that no man knows. Not in the earth, for it is lost, but in the heart, where it may be found. The grave of him who said:

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despite-

THE SENSIBLE MAN'S VIEW OF RELIGION

fully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'"

The great words died away, like organ tones. The Unknown Soldier was looming tall and beautiful, like an angel.

"These are the heroes," he said very gently. "Their graves are the holy ground of earth. Here build your altars of faith and hope and love, and here let the people worship and bow down, and find Great Peace."

The voice of the Soldier was silent. His glowing body began to fade. Suddenly he was a shadow again, and the shadow, a darkness. I was alone. The wind was cold upon me, and I shivered. Then I seemed to start, and wake, as though from sleep. It was the draught from that open window in my room. I rose to shut it, and my book tumbled noisily to the floor. What was it I had been reading, as I sat down here in this chair, and looked out over the city, and thought of the Unknown Soldier far off there on the hill? Oh, yes—a book of poems! And here was the open page—and two short stanzas. I must have been pondering them, as I fell asleep:

Who goes there,
In the night,
Across the wind-swept plain?
*We are the ghosts of a valiant war,
A million murdered men.*

Who goes there,
In the dawn,
Across the sun-swept plain?
*We are the hosts of those who swear
It shall not be again.*

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